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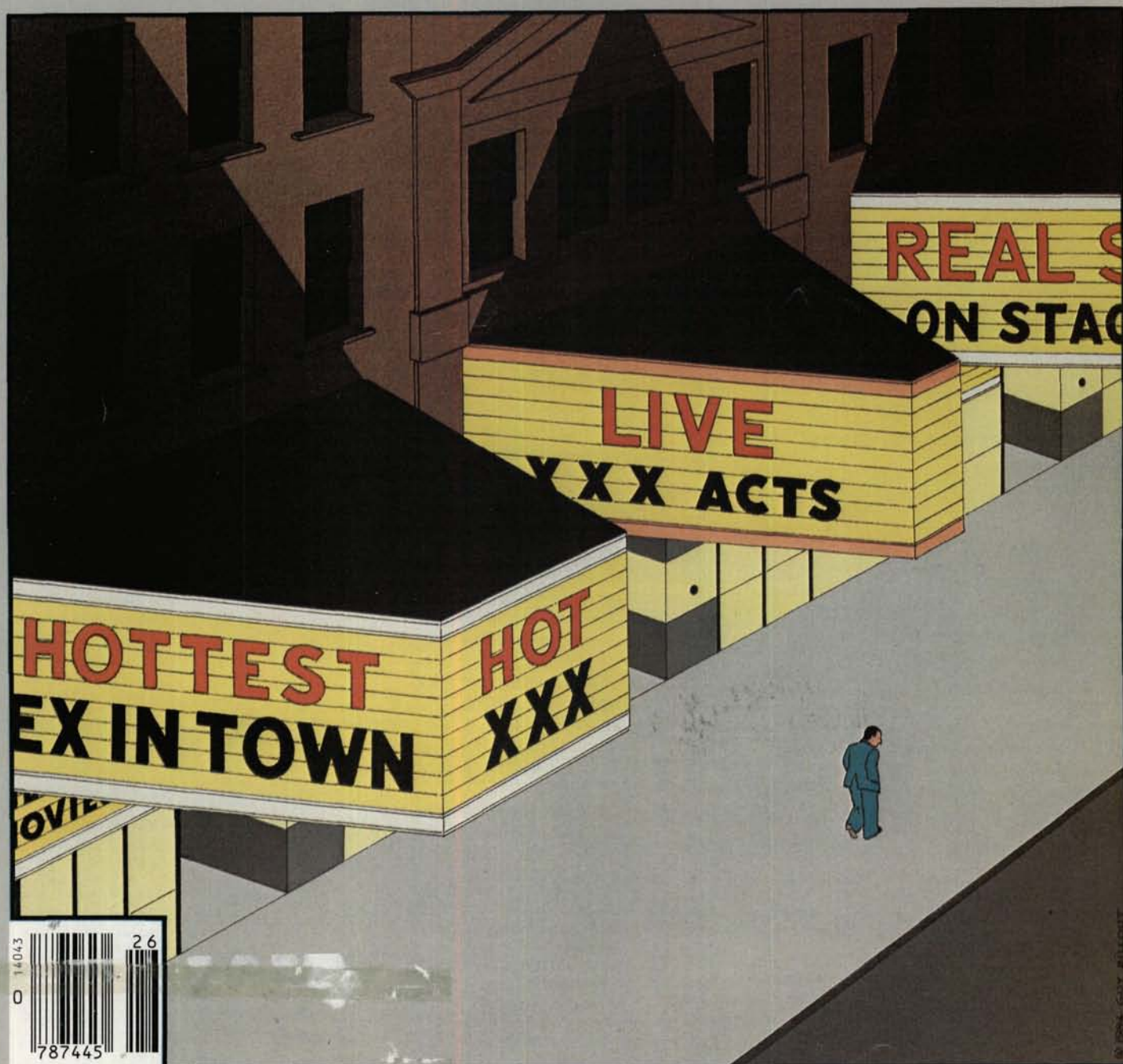
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WOMEN, POLITICS, AND PORNOGRAPHY *by Jean Bethke Elshtain*



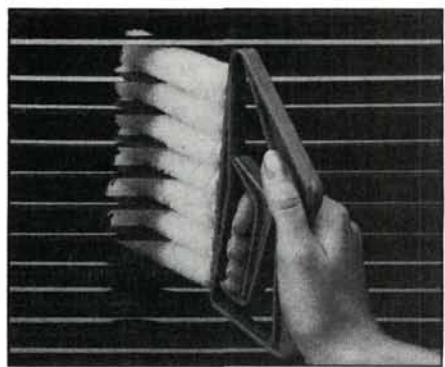
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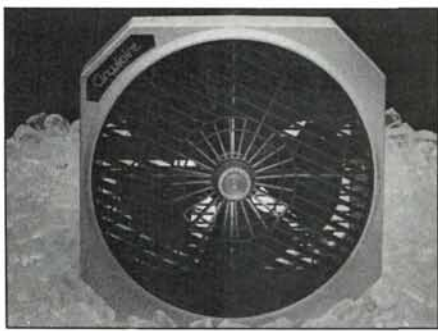
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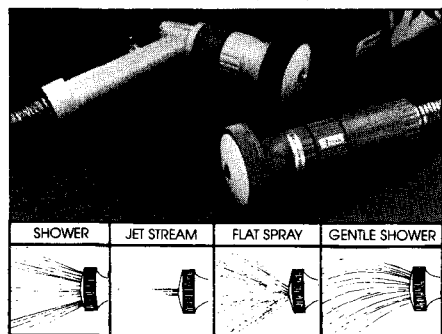


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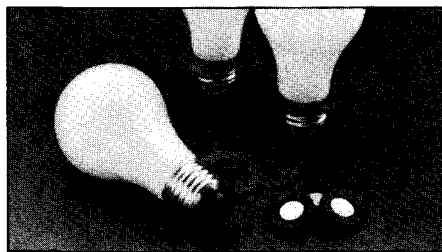
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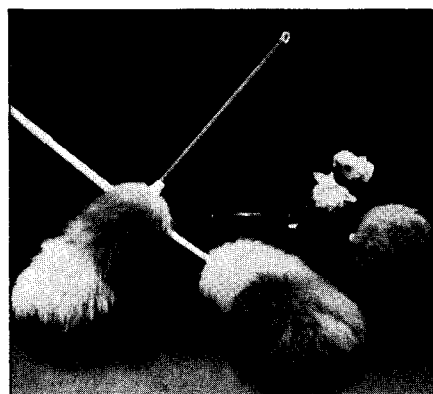
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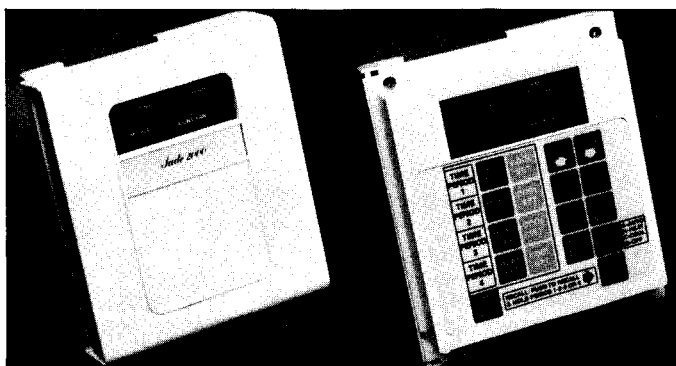


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CORRESPONDENCE

ORATORY'S DECLINE?

To the editors:

The gist of Henry Fairlie's "The Decline of Oratory" (TNR, May 28) seems to be a comparison of orators of the nineteenth century with those of the 1980s. He argues that the mid-nineteenth century was dominated by rhetorical giants. Contemporary oratory, however, is largely forgettable, he says.

But the truth is that the great orators of the nineteenth century included far more losers than winners. Abraham Lincoln, despite oratory that seems superior to twentieth-century readers, lost his 1858 debates with Stephen A. Douglas; Douglas, after all, was elected. Lincoln was not considered a fine speaker by the standards of the day. The "star" speaker at Gettysburg was a typically windy and scholarly New England politician, Edward Everett, who received the most favorable reviews in the press even though he is rarely read today.

The political "winners" of the 1850s were men like Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, and James Buchanan. Even specialists in the history of that period have difficulty remembering things these men said or did. John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster, cited by Mr. Fairlie, were both defeated for the Presidency by persons rarely considered fine speakers by the standards of that day or this. Perhaps the voters of the nineteenth century also "preferred illusion to passion."

JAMES M. BECKER
Chesapeake, Virginia

BECAUSE IT'S THERE

To the editors:

Despite what Tina Rosenberg writes in "Mission Out of Control" (TNR, May 14), there is a place for man in space, just as there was a place for man in the voyages of discovery to the New World, the treks to the American West, and the ascent of Mount Everest. Man explores the unknown simply because it is there. Sputnik got us away from halfheartedly tinkering with rebuilt V-2s. Now the Soviets are gaining valuable experience in space. If that (or some other seemingly inane reason) is what it takes to get us into space, I'm all for it. And we will happily drag nay-sayers, kicking and screaming, along with us. Eventually

we and those who follow will be the better for it. We are Man, visionary and forever restless. History, not prose, substantiates that claim.

DION POWELL
Seattle, Washington

Ms. Rosenberg replies:

I agree we need those voyages of discovery. We should explore Jupiter, Pluto, and the stars because they are there. But unlike early Earth exploration, which required humans, we can explore distant worlds with television cameras and computers—but we can't do it with men. Limiting our horizons to places man can go relegates us to revisiting familiar terrain. A "visionary and forever restless" view of space requires unmanned exploration.

TRUMAN'S BOMB

To the editors:

It is curious that William Leuchtenburg's "Give 'Em Harry" (TNR, May 21) chose to overlook the discomforting fact that Harry Truman, admirable in many ways, is also the only human being in the history of the world who can be given "credit" for ordering the dropping of a nuclear bomb on defenseless and unsuspecting civilians. As the studious write and read about Truman, and tot up his achievements and his shortcomings, let them not forget this most unsavory act.

WARREN W. JONES
Berkeley, California

JAPAN'S ADVANTAGE

To the editors:

TRB doesn't think liberals should support government policy to preserve "traditional arrangements" in the auto industry ("For Chrysler's Sake," TNR, May 14). Of course they shouldn't, but they should and do support proposals for an activist policy to ensure the future of an essential industry while preserving marketplace discipline.

The U.S. vehicle industry is ready to compete on the basis of productivity, product quality, and design, but it cannot be expected to compete with foreign-made products that enjoy "cost" advantages which have nothing to do with the actual costs of production. In the case of Japanese autos,

those advantages consist of an undervalued yen and the waiver of commodity taxes of 17.5 to 22.5 percent on cars exported to the United States. They can be offset by following the lead of other auto-producing countries and requiring automakers to compete fairly, using domestic parts and labor, as the U.A.W. has proposed.

Liberals support limits on "free enterprise" for the sake of such public benefits as safe products, safe work places, and minority hiring. They should likewise look askance at "free trade" when unfair foreign-trading practices impose devastating social costs on U.S. workers and communities or when foreign competition is premised on gross exploitation of foreign workers.

PETER G. LARMAN
U.A.W. Public Relations Department
Detroit, Michigan

TNR'S HORN

To the editors:

James Glassman's elaborate apology for TNR's decision to sell subscriptions aggressively ("Some Call It Junk," TNR, May 21) is truly disheartening to those of us who take the publication and its purpose seriously. Week after week, TNR brings us the bad news—a collapsed consensus, social decomposition, our future mortgaged, a nation good only for two-day wars. . . . Surely we are in Weimar, or Rome before the Fall. But sorry, readers, we who are "engaged in the lonely battle for the soul of the Democratic Party" (read "democracy") are embarrassed to "make a pitch." "The problem," J.G. claims, "is that self-congratulation is not our style." Intellectuals, after all, shouldn't act like "purveyors of meat products."

Poor democracy, assaulted by crackpots from Falwell to Farrakhan (they ain't afraid to sell themselves!), defended by a publisher who agonizes over "just how much we should blow our horn." Some clarion call. Loyal subscribers first detected identity problems at TNR when your muscular model for the TNR sweatshirt—virile and smartly bespectacled, toting a book—vanished after one guffaw from a reader.

Be strong, J.G. Blow your horn. It's ours too, you know.

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Brookline, Massachusetts



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TRB[®]

FROM WASHINGTON

NEXT WINDOW, PLEASE

They aren't lining up outside Studio 54 anymore, and down here in Policyland they aren't talking much about the "window of vulnerability." Those were fads of the 1970s. Geez, where have you been? But let's take a trip down memory lane. It's instructive.

In the mid- to late-1970s, conservative defense intellectuals began promoting the idea that the United States would face a period in the early- to mid-1980s—a "window of vulnerability"—when our nuclear defenses would be inadequate, unless drastic and immediate steps were taken. Specifically, the Soviets' nuclear buildup would have reached the point where they could wipe out our land-based nuclear missiles and bombers in a surprise attack, with nukes to spare. After such an attack, we would still have our submarine-launched missiles. But, pending improvements due in the 1990s, these are only accurate enough to be useful against the general population—unlike land-based missiles, which can hit specific military targets. The United States would thus face the choice of escalating to certain mutual holocaust, or surrender. Logic would dictate surrender.

Reasoning backward, in the manner of nuclear strategy, "window" theorists argued that—despite the uncertainties about whether the Soviets would or could do such a thing, and what our actual response might be—the mere awareness of such a possibility would weigh heavily on the world's actors, leading to increased Soviet boldness

and new depths of appeasement by our allies. The 1980 Republican platform predicted "geopolitical paralysis" for America unless the window was closed.

The "window" theory is a fine example of the neoconservative dictum that "ideas have consequences." It played a real role in stimulating a general appetite for defense spending among politicians and "opinion leaders." What gave this idea power, however, was its specificity. Chicken Little had a detailed scenario of why the sky was falling, when, and what to do about it. "Our nuclear deterrent forces must be made survivable as rapidly as possible to close the window of vulnerability," said candidate Ronald Reagan in 1980, "... for our own security and for the political perceptions of our adversaries, our allies, and Third World countries."

It is now 1984, the early- to mid-1980s. Do you know where your "window of vulnerability" is? Last December 14 President Reagan said, "I think we have closed largely that window of vulnerability." Then on February 15 he said "we've gone a long way toward" closing it, "but we still haven't done" it. On February 22 he referred to "the window of vulnerability that we're trying to

close." But then on March 29 he said that the United States is now more secure than "earlier when our defenses were so lax that there was a window of vulnerability." Come on, man, it's your metaphor. Get it straight!

The truth is that absolutely nothing has been done to close the alleged window of vulnerability. There are only two possibilities: either it never existed, or it is wide open. Both are inadmissible for Reagan.

President Carter proposed to close the window by shuttling MX missiles around vast areas of the American West. The idea was that the Soviets wouldn't be able to find and hit all of these targets with the number of missiles they were allowed to have under SALT II. Reagan ridiculed this proposal. He also opposed SALT II. His first solution was "dense pack"—planting MX missiles so close together that incoming Soviet missiles would knock one another off target. After this and other schemes (MXs strapped to airplanes, MXs hidden in Good Humor trucks, and so on) met with skepticism, Reagan appointed the Scowcroft Commission to think it all through again.

continued on page 40

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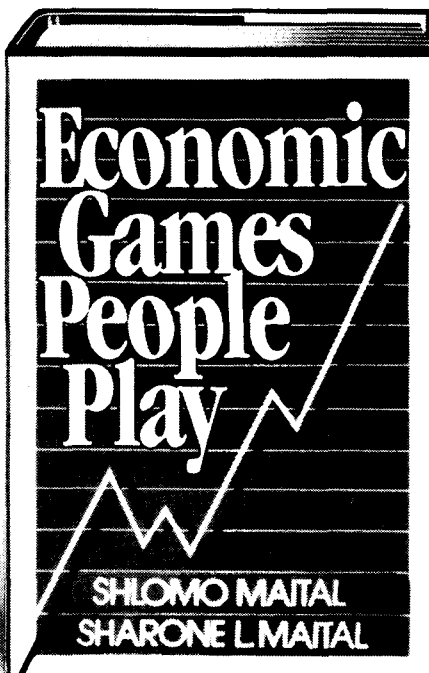
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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JUNE 25, 1984

THE WEST BANK BUST

Last week there began the largest and most dramatic trial for terrorism in Israel's history. This time the pain was different; Jews were not only the prosecutors, they were the defendants as well. Twenty-seven indictments were returned against Israelis, many of them settlers in the West Bank. The charges included the attempted assassinations of three West Bank mayors in 1978, in which two mayors were maimed and an Israeli soldier blinded; the attack upon the Islamic College in Hebron last summer, in which masked men with grenades and submachine guns burst into a seminary full of students and killed four of them; and a conspiracy, mercifully detected in good time, to plant bombs on a number of buses carrying Arabs to and from the West Bank during the crowded morning rush hour. Eighteen other Jews have been accused by the police of a plot to blow up the Dome of the Rock mosque—the site of Mohammed's ascent to heaven—which sits on a plateau in the heart of the old city of Jerusalem. (See "The Temple Mount Plot," by Barbara and Michael Ledeen, *TNR*, June 18.) And still others were charged with stealing arms and explosives from the army—an unprecedented abuse of the reserve duty incumbent upon so many Israelis—for the purpose of stocking a small but determined right-wing underground.

The discovery of this underground has cast many Israelis into a state of moral crisis. Jews on both sides of the Green Line, as the 1967 borders are called, are wondering about the way in which the Israeli domination of the West Bank—which nobody asked for, which was delivered to Israel as the result of a brilliant defense of the state's very life—has spawned this ugly and unwanted child. Israelis, after all, are no strangers to terrorism—that is, to its turpitude. Indeed, they taught the world, or at least the part of the world that was morally and politically ready to be taught, about the evils of terrorism; and they provided the world with a stirring model of how to resist it. It is said (Golda Meir said it often) that the Israelis cannot forgive the Arabs for forcing them to war; but terrorism is something far worse, and nobody forced it. That Jews should have resorted to it is properly construed by many Jews as a national shame.

The moral crisis is most severe on the West Bank. There

appears to be a deep division among the settlers; many of them admit to a reckoning of the soul. A spokeswoman for the settlers' council told *The Jerusalem Post* that "if the crimes for which the people were rounded up are proven to be true, we denounce categorically the plans and the attempts to carry them out. We do not feel responsible for providing legal aid for the planners of mass murder." There are many decent people among the settlers, men and women who wish no Arabs harm but who believe sincerely that God gave the land to the Jews and/or that the Jews require the land for their security. Unfortunately their decency is not universal. In the wake of the recent arrests, some settlers have been busy drawing distinctions between Arabs who do not deserve to be the victims of terror and Arabs who do. They have also been busy accusing the government (the government of Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon and Yitzhak Shamir and Moshe Arens!) of a dereliction of duty toward the settlers that forced them to take the law into their hands. A minister in the Israeli cabinet went so far as to suggest that the attempts upon the lives of the Palestinian mayors in 1978 had "positive consequences."

The settlers, and Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, insist that the existence of the underground casts no light at all upon the project of Jewish settlement. To a certain extent they are right: the Jewish settlement of the West Bank is morally, historically, and legally legitimate. It may also be politically stupid; and the stupidity of requiring the Jewish state to digest a large and politically restive Palestinian population was apparent before the recent revelations. It is also true, as the settlers argue, that the story of terrorism on the West Bank must include Arab acts as well, which are adduced as reasons for Jewish acts. Still, there is no reason, at least none that rational men and women can accept, for terrorism. The Israelis learned that a long time ago. Although we must be scrupulous in the conclusions drawn about Jewish settlement from Jewish terrorism, we must be no less forthright about the culpability of the political culture of the settlers in the creation of these criminals.

The road from the white heat of Gush Emunim (Block of the Faithful)—the religious settlers movement formed

shortly after the Six Day War—did not lead directly to the massacre at the Islamic College, but it led there nonetheless. The intellectual and psychological climate of the movement for Jewish settlement has for years been agitated, angry, and abrasive. Many of those involved are possessed of the dangerous certainty of messianists. They believe that they answer to a higher law than the law of the state, which they have consistently flouted when it served their political ends. Their anti-Palestinian prejudice has been plain for many years. There are settlers, to be sure, who wish to live in peace with their neighbors; indeed, many of them already do. But there are many who are either indifferent to the Palestinians they see through their windows, or who miss no opportunity to demonstrate their contempt. It is significant that though the West Bank bust was small, it included some of the settlers' leaders. Rabbi Moshe Levinger, Israel's foremost religious fascist, appears now to have known in advance about the attack last summer in Hebron. It will not do, therefore, for the settlers simply to plead innocence. All are implicated in the inflamed environment that fostered this outrageous phenomenon. Not many voices for moderation were ever heard from their ranks. A reckoning with their souls is entirely appropriate.

ISRAELI TERRORISM, however, is not the end of the episode. There is also the prosecution of Israeli terrorists by Israeli police. The Jewish state, in other words, has met this hard moment with moral and political maturity. And the credit must go to the toughest hawk of all, Defense Minister Moshe Arens.

Since the 1978 violence against the mayors on the West Bank, there has been a recurring refrain in the Israeli press, and occasionally in the Western press as well. What was taking Israel's investigators so long? Months and years went by and nobody was arrested for the crimes against the Palestinians. Now we have the answer. What took so long was the determination to deal with the problem in its entirety, to conduct an investigation that would result in the detection and the dismantling of the whole Jewish underground. It is universally agreed in Israel that this has indeed been accomplished. The entire terrorist operation appears to have been smoked out. A government that supports the settlers, that presses their claims over the protests of other governments, that shares their intention to incorporate "Judea and Samaria" into "Greater Israel"—this government conducted an investigation that spared nobody, that followed each and every lead, that was certain, upon its completion, to cast a giant shadow across its own historical and political vision. The Israeli government, in short, discharged its duties responsibly, exactly the way a democratic government should.

The thoroughness of the investigation bears Mr. Arens's stamp. He may be an annexationist, but he is also a respecter of the law. (Indeed, he probably purged the West Bank of its Jewish poison the better to keep it.) This was evident long before last week. Shortly after Mr. Arens assumed his duties as Defense Minister in February 1983,

he took the shocking and politically provocative step of instituting unannounced house-to-house searches in the Jewish settlements, and the many weapons found were confiscated. Mr. Arens descended upon Jewish vigilantism at once. This was part of his larger design, which was, simply put, the de-Sharonization of the army, the defense ministry, and the settlements policy. His predecessor, Ariel Sharon, had presided over the unleashing of all kinds of resentments; his was (and still is) the politics of resentment in pure form. Only his tenure, with its loud love of force and loud hatred of Arabs, could have produced these obscenities. Mr. Sharon thrives on extremism. He is not famous for being principled. (In 1977, it is almost forgotten, he ran for the Knesset on a platform that called for the establishment of a Palestinian state.) The very opposite is true of Mr. Arens.

The Jewish state has produced a monster in its midst, and the Jewish state has met its monster. Those who preferred God to the law will face the law. Those who preferred the passions of history to the procedures of democracy have been defeated by democracy. These terrorist crimes against Palestinians will not go unpunished—which is more than can be said about terrorist crimes against Israelis. (Mr. Arens's recent disciplining of the Israeli security men who beat two Arab terrorists to death further underscores this important point. The defense minister made it clear that the captured Palestinian terrorists will meet Israeli justice in the courts, and not at the hands of vigilantes or mobs. He also made it clear to Palestinians contemplating acts of terror in Israel that they can bargain for their lives, if for nothing else.) We admire the democracy that worked again. We detest the fanatics who commit such crimes, or allow them to be committed. And we worry, finally, about an occupation whose persistence breeds such troubles. Maybe it is necessary for the safety of the state, maybe it is not; anyway, no Arabs are coming forward to talk about it. For Israel, however, it is certainly a trap.

NOTEBOOK

□ **D'AUBUISSON OF A BITCH:** Back in November, the State Department denied a visa to Roberto d'Aubuisson, the hero and leader of El Salvador's death squads. At the time, the Reagan Administration was catching hell for several death squad killings that were unusual only in that they were widely publicized. By barring Mr. d'Aubuisson, and by explicitly citing accusations that linked him to the death squads, the Administration claimed to be sending a "signal"—a token of its seriousness about ending the reign of terror directed from high places in the Salvadoran government. Now Mr. d'Aubuisson has been given his visa. In one way, we welcome the change: generally speaking, visas should not be withheld because the U.S. government disapproves of the politics of the applicant. But the Administration does not share this view. Wittingly or not, in admitting

Mr. d'Aubuisson it is sending another "signal," and it is not one of seriousness.

□ FORTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The most extraordinary first impression on returning to the invasion beachhead which I last saw on D-Day is the way all the forces of man's miraculous ingenuity in construction have succeeded his equal ingenuity in destruction. One week previous, we were pounding, smashing, and churning the sand along the shore with bombs from the air and shells from the sea. Now the new beachheads are among the world's busiest. I surveyed only the American sector of the beach front, the most northerly and the nearest to Cherbourg. The elaborate German cement fortifications, now empty and under the curious glance of any chance passing soldier, still show on their walls blonde Nordic pin-up girls. The massiveness of these walls reveals the heroic nature of the Allied accomplishment, a feat to make every American proud, and civilians like me humble." ("Two Fronts: Normandy and England," by Richard L. Strout, June 26, 1944.)

Mondale staggers to victory.

IT'S A WRAP

Los Angeles

THE CLIMAX of the long campaign had arrived. Across the continent in New Jersey, earlier in the day, Walter Mondale had wrapped up the Democratic Presidential nomination. Gary Hart's verbal waste had proved toxic to his own candidacy. And even as the news of Hart's California victory began pouring in to his headquarters at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, the reality of his overall defeat seeped in like smog, stinging the eyes of his advisers. The victory was impressive—Hart won in virtually all ideological, regional, and age categories in the nation's largest state—but the defeat was final. Mondale had assembled enough delegates to be nominated on the first ballot. Hart won, but he lost. Mondale lost, but he won.

The inconclusive conclusiveness of the result was in keeping with the weary mood of the final week. At the supposed moment of maximum tension, a feeling more of fatigue than of suspense settled over the campaign. "Not fun and games," was how Mondale described it. A tone of absurdity had also set in. As Mondale and Hart slogged through the final days, Ronald Reagan prepared to preempt Democratic campaign coverage on morning television with the pageantry of D-Day.

The main social event before Mega-Tuesday took place on the sloping lawn of Stanley Sheinbaum's Brentwood estate. The party was intended to retire George McGovern's campaign debt. Sheinbaum, a liberal economist and philanthropist, invited all the candidates and all of

Hollywood's stars. A cast of thousands showed up, but not Jesse Jackson. He declined the invitation, citing McGovern's call for party unity through a Mondale-Hart ticket as the cause. Jackson's absence captured most of the publicity. McGovern, introduced by Sheinbaum as "the former next President of the United States," remarked: "Jesse Jackson says I'm no longer the conscience of the party. So I'm just going to relax and have a good time and worry about my own conscience." But the mellow McGovern couldn't resist urging Mondale and Hart to deal "gently" with each other.

ON THE fringe of the crowd, as the next Presidents spoke, a small group of celebrities huddled around a transistor radio broadcasting a championship Lakers-Celtics game. Basketball aroused the only point of intensity in the crowd. "The strangest feeling is that there is no feeling," said Norman Lear. "The only real emotion surrounding the candidates is Jackson. A weak climax results in dust that isn't raised. They don't say anything that raises dust, except about each other."

Californians like to feel engaged by larger-than-life personalities and events. California's steady state is unsteadiness; it's constantly unsettled by new settlers. What the critic Harold Rosenberg called (in another context) "the tradition of the new" is the Golden State's tradition. There isn't much of an industrial working class here—the anchor of the old Democratic Party. Nor are there many self-enclosed small towns—the crucible of Republicanism. Almost everybody is a middle-class suburbanite, in search of social cohesion through a politics of ideas and values. The ideological gulf between the parties is enormous. California's Democrats are distinctly left, its Republicans assertively right (as our President demonstrates). The parties, in fact, are more movements than parties. And Californians want lights, camera, action.

Mondale, whose heavy-lidded eyes seemed to have died of exhaustion in some earlier primary, didn't appear to fit. His campaign cast California as an eastern state, a state of interest groups—Hispanics, Jews, blacks, labor, women. For many Californians, however, Mondale symbolizes everything they have fled, including winter. None of the Hollywood types I encountered could come up with the name of an actor to play Mondale in the movie version of the campaign. "Mondale is the antithesis of what Hollywood stands for," said Gray Davis, Jerry Brown's former chief-of-staff and now a state senator from Beverly Hills.

Politicians come to Hollywood for more than money to fuel their campaign. The more obscure and humble a politician's origin, the greater the value he attaches to a relationship with the stars. The stars are the projections of the public's private dreams; and the same people who dream in darkened movie theaters pull the levers in green-curtained voting booths. Hart in Hollywood appeared superficially to be a natural. Warren Beatty (who could play him in the movie) was a key adviser. Another friend was Michael Medavoy, chief of the Orion studio. Only a few Hollywood figures, almost all producers, supported Mon-

dale. But by the time Hart arrived in Hollywood, enthusiasm for him had dampened. Hollywood loves glamorous winners, bankable stars. When Hart started losing at the box office, the plot thickened unpleasantly. The grinding contest wasn't the compelling drama they wanted. Emotionally, they withdrew. Hart no longer seemed that fresh.

Actually, Hart's themes were ancient history in California. The phrase "new generation of leadership" was coined in 1976 by Tom Hayden, the New Left's older statesman, now a state assemblyman, who represents the literal marriage of Hollywood and politics. Hayden's slogan was instantly seized by Governor Jerry Brown in his 1976 Presidential bid. The "future," too, has a venerable lineage here. "Make the future ours" was one of Hayden's early campaign slogans. (Those words have been stitched into a red, white, and blue rug that greets visitors to his district office.) And in 1980, Hayden published a book starkly entitled *The American Future*. "From my point of view," he reflected, "what's going on now started with the 1976 Brown campaign. It started too late and out of nowhere—'new ideas' and 'new generation.' It had an amazing surge of popularity. Then there was the counter-attack. The messenger starts to be perceived as flaky, cerebral, not warm. All have some reference in reality, but it's basically a reaction by the establishment to an upstart. There have to be precursors who in creating understanding are misunderstood. It's almost inevitable that they fail. Nothing is overnight."

"Sometimes it's eerie hearing these phrases come back at you," said Gray Davis, the former Brown aide. "Jerry's fingerprints are all over this election. I know Jerry feels like he's seeing an old movie." During the course of the primary, Hart accidentally encountered Brown a couple of times. Their exchanges were stilted and awkward. To Hart, Brown was a fate to be avoided—the ghost of future past. To Brown, Hart was what might have been. The state Brown once governed would help determine Hart's—and the Democrats'—future.

Hart felt secure about his support in northern California. In Los Angeles, he was supported not only by Hollywood but also by the vaunted Berman-Waxman machine. Berman is Representative Howard Berman and Waxman is Representative Henry Waxman. Representative Mel Levine is also a senior partner in this firm, which includes most of the major Jewish politicians in the area. ("I'm the goy," said Gray Davis.) The technical genius behind the operation is Michael Berman, Howard's brother, whose office is decorated with street maps and a broken clock encased in a statue of F.D.R. The Berman-Waxman machine is not a machine in the eastern sense. What binds it together is a common fund-raising base, liberal ideology, and campaign techniques. Mike Berman specializes in direct mail, and he and his associates intimately understand their constituency. Their knowledge of Jewish voters was an invaluable resource that the Hart campaign squandered. During the New York primary, Berman was summoned to advise on how to move this decisive interest group. He urged Hart to cease attacking Mondale as a bad

man, an unbelievable charge. Instead, Mondale should be depicted as weak. His weakness could be shown by his inability to say no to Jimmy Carter's proposal to send F-15s to Arab countries. Berman also suggested a mass mailing to New Yorkers from the twenty Jewish Congressmen supporting Hart. None of his advice was taken, and he returned glumly to L.A. For the California primary, he produced 1.6 million pieces of mail for Hart. He worried that a *Los Angeles Times* headline—HART-JACKSON ALLIANCE—would be death to Hart among Jews. But in the primary, Hart carried a majority of Jews in Los Angeles County. The machine delivered.

The Hart campaign, meanwhile, was trying desperately to create a sense of excitement around the candidate. The task of crafting the television ads was given to Bill Zimmerman, who had worked for Tom Hayden, Chicago Mayor Harold Washington, and Texas Senatorial candidate Lloyd Doggett. Zimmerman had also produced Jane Fonda's workout video. The showcase spot he created for Hart features the candidate in shirtsleeves wending his way through a wildly cheering crowd. The action is underscored by the sound of a real human heartbeat, accompanied by music, that increases in tempo and volume, fostering "a feeling of expectancy and emotion," according to Zimmerman. While Hart is still in the crowd, we hear his voice in the distance: "Stand with us or not, but choose." We're watching an intentional time warp: we see Hart before us, but we hear him in the future. Then we zoom in on him standing on the platform, speaking in sync; we've caught up in time. "Your voice and your vote are the heartbeat of this nation's future." The heartbeat pounds loudly. "It carries," said Zimmerman, "a feeling of forward motion, momentum, dynamism."

ACROSS TOWN, Mickey Kantor, a lawyer who was Mondale's state chairman, held a film festival for reporters. Mondale's ads were exclusively negative, all aimed at Hart. Nowhere in any of his spots is Mondale seen or heard; he's the sponsor of the ads, not their leading man. Mondale featured his well-traveled blinking red phone ad, warning us that Hart's "unsure, unsteady, untested" hand might pick it up.

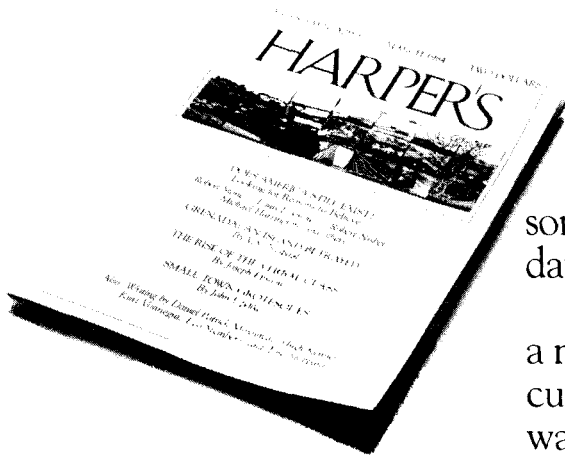
In New Jersey, Mondale put a spot on the air attacking Hart's position on gun control that was visually identical to the red phone ad. A Saturday night special rotates slowly in a circle until the viewer is looking down the gun's barrel. "It's one thing to talk about the future," says the narrator. "It's another to support laws to protect our families so they *have* a future." The gun symbolizes violence just outside your front door; the phone symbolizes planetary destruction. Both represent threats that only Mondale can stop. By using the gun spot, he doubled the stakes on the "experience" question, which he believed was his greatest strength. The gun was double jeopardy for Hart.

On June 3, the candidates faced their final debate. At the NBC studio in Burbank, on the set of the Johnny

continued on page 13

Some readers expect their magazine to clothe them in opinions the way Halston or Bloomingdale's dresses them for the opera.

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The new Harper's magazine asks you to do something that isn't terribly fashionable these days: think for yourself.

The Harper's Index, for example, presents a not-so-random collection of statistics both current and relevant—the number of wars waged in 1983 (41), the percentage of

Americans who believe that heaven exists (77), the number of movie theaters in the United States (16,901) as opposed to the number of movie theaters in the Soviet Union (144,100). Read as a sequence the Index provides a kind of sounding of the spirit of the times. For those willing to listen.

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DF46

TV GUIDESKI

The following is a fragment of a document accidentally discovered in a public trash bin on Moscow's famed Prospekt of the Russias (usually called Sixth Prospekt), where the Soviet Central Committee TV networks are headquartered.

- 7:00 (1) GOOD MORNING PEOPLES (2) GOOD MORNING PEOPLES (3) GOOD MORNING PEOPLES**
- 9:00 (1) BOWLING FOR RUBLES:** Game show.
(2) FAMILY PURGE: Game Show.
(3) GORKAME STREET: Children. This week, Big Bird explains "four legs good, two wings better," while Chernov and Bobrov show how to count silos instead of warheads.
- 9:30 (1) MIRVED GRIFFIN:** Celebrity inquisition. Anatoly Shcharansky provides some surprisingly candid answers when interviewed by a ten-headed SS-20.
(2) FIRING SQUAD: Interrogation. William F. Bucklov literally grills his dissident guests.
(3) ARBATOV & CO.: Political monologue. Roundtable consensus on the issues of the day.
- 10:00 (2) CZARINA FOR A DAY:** Game Show.
(3) PEOPLE'S COURT: Show Trial.
- 10:30 (1) PLUGGING FOR PONTIFFS:** Game Show.
(2) WILD CZARDOM: Adventure. This week Mutual of Siberia's Marlin Perkincheva takes us in search of voluntary pipeline laborers and other mythical beasts.
(3) YURI BEAR AND BOO-BOO: Animation. When Mr. Secretary General and the Security Council get miffed with Yuri's totalitarian antics, he says he has a cold.
- 11:00 (1) MAZEL TOV FOR MOLOTOV!:** Cooking. The renowned chef shares his tantalizing recipes for Ground-Zero Goulash and Counterforce Punch.
(2) EARLY MOVIE: *The Idiot, The Possessed, and The Ugly* (1953). Karl Mundt, Joe McCarthy, and a youthful Dick Nixon get together to rake an unwitting Owen Latimore over the coals. Family fun.
(3) BORIS AND NATASHA: Animation. Our heroes foil yet another diabolical aggression of imperialist moose and squirrel.
- 11:30 (1) LITTLE RASKOLNIKOV:** Comedy and Punishment. Zany madcap street urchins bump off a pawnbroker and then go on a kooky, devil-may-care shooting spree.
(3) DR. SUSLOV'S 'HOW THE GRINCH STOLE MAY DAY': Ani-

mation. The beloved seasonal tale of bouncing Czechs in Pragueville.

- 12:00 (1) NOONTIME MOVIE:** "Flowers for Algerhiss" (1952). A diplomat and a journalist get into a tiff over a typewriter that doesn't always write in Cyrillic.
(3) STALIN KNOWS BEST: Documentary. Jozef (Robert Young) becomes a little testy after he starts the day with too much caffeine.
- 1:00 (1) FANTASY GULAG:** Comedy. Konstantin and his apparatchik Tattooski play fast and loose with the camp's pharmacy as they make their visitors' phobias a reality.
(2) DYNASTY: Soap Opera. Kim Il Sung and Kim Yong Nam argue over Pyongyang construction kickbacks.
- 1:30 (3) AFTERNOON MOVIE:** "My Comrade Flicka" (1796). Catherine the Great debuts in this moving tale of girl-meets-horse.
- 2:00 (1) HAVANA!:** Soap Opera. Bobbie Joe Vesco connives for a new sugar cane field, but Fidel gets in the way.
(2) VOLGA LOVE BOAT: Comic Opera.
- 3:00 (1) YULI LOVES NITZE:** Chicanery. Those nuclear negotiating nincompoops cause a ruckus when they forget to tell Mom and Dad they're taking a walk in the woods.
(2) KABUL CABAL: Reality. Andy Griffith and Don Knotts move from Mayberry to Afghanistan.
- 3:30 (1) I LOVE LUDMILLA:** Comedy. Ludmilla gets Ricky into trouble when she tries to climb the Berlin Wall with Ethel.
(2) I DREAM OF OLGA: Comedy. A cosmonaut finds a genie in a bottle.
(3) BEHEADED: Comedy. Darren turns Samantha over to state authorities when he discovers that she is a witch.
- 4:00 (1) HUNGARY FIVE-O:** Crime Drama. Yuri stands tall in the saddle in one of his early tours de force.
(2) LAVERNE AND TROTSKY: Comedy. Rerun.
(3) GOMER PINSKI, CCMC: Comedy. Gomer is surprised when he is put on pipeline detail.
- 4:00 (3) GILLIGAN'S COLLECTIVE:** Divine Comedy. The skipper is overthrown, the professor is imprisoned, and the Howells are executed as our hero establishes Utopia on an uncharted desert isle.
- 5:00 (1) THAT'S INCREDIBLE!** This week, Alexis shows us market lines with fewer than fifty comrades, Georgi shows us farmers who meet their production quotas, and Vladimir visits a factory where the

workers actually control the means of production!

- (3) LEAVE IT TO RASPUTIN:** Situation Tragedy. It's a bad day for Rasputin when Edgar Haskelnikov and Lumpy Purishkevich conspire to poison his cereal, riddle him with bullets, and drown him in the river. But not to worry, he'll be back next episode.
- 5:30 (3) MIKHAIL'S NAVY:** Tragic-comedy. Mikhail's hapless crew of lovable misfits runs aground on the wrong side of the Gulf of Bothnia and decides to do an eighty-kiloton Cossack kick through Stockholm.
- 6:00 (1) MEET THE TASS (2) ISSUES AND EVASIONS (3) FACE THE MUSIC**
- 8:00 (1) LITTLE DACHA ON THE STEPPES (2) MY MOTHER THE TANK (3) RED STAR TREK:** Adventure. The Romulans and Klingons continue their fight for liberation against Capt. Kirk and the crew of the U.S.S. Yankee Imperialist.
- 9:00 (1) PRIME TIME MOVIE:** "Viktor/Viktoria." Blake Edvar's satire about a Bolshevik, dressed as a Menshevik, pretending to be a Bolshevik!
(2) STREETS OF VLADIVOSTOK: Penal Comedy. Sgt. Brutchek incarcerates social aberrants for leaving home without their Soviet Express Cards.
(3) IN PERFORMANCE AT THE KREMLIN: Special pogrom. Itzhak Perlman, Isaac Stern, and Zubin Mehta provide some startling idiomatic improvisations when threatened with defenestration.
- 10:00 (2) MEDVEDEV & WIFE:** Serialism. Roy runs into trouble when his happy-go-lucky Mrs. starts passing around galleys of his latest book during a state-sponsored cocktail party.
(3) DOWNSTAIRS DOWNSTAIRS: American. Members of Beacon Hill's oppressed proletariat purge the haute bourgeoisie from their palatial estate.
- 11:00 (1) OLD-TIME GODLESS HOUR:** Secular Humanism. Georgi Falwell, host. Samantha Smith, guest.
(2) KGB CLUB: Institutional Inspirational. Jim and Tammy Bakkov tell how they found History.
- 12:00 SWITCH YOUR TELEVISION TO TRANSMIT AND GO TO SLEEP.**

DIRK OLIN

Dirk Olin, a former TNR reporter-researcher, is a reporter in the Washington bureau of the *St. Petersburg Times* of Leningrad, Florida.

Carson show, Mondale stressed his experience time and again. His private poll had shown that even many Hart supporters had doubts about their candidate's "inexperience." Mondale, in one of his debate speeches on experience, concluded, "Are we nuts or sane? It's a good question." Jesse Jackson doubled up with laughter and almost fell off his seat. This was Jackson's bravura performance. He explained the international economy through a metaphor of honeybees, told a joke about how he walked on water, and came up with the best line of the debate: "I would rather have Roosevelt in a wheelchair than Reagan on horseback." Jackson, far more the outsider than Hart, was able to use the past far more gracefully.

Instead of paying homage to the glorious past, Hart referred to it as "failed." "If anything has hurt," he said, "it's not been the personal scrutiny, it's been a campaign of distortion and distraction." He cited Mondale's gun spot as an example. By complaining, Hart implicitly conceded that Mondale was the dominant authority figure, who somehow had the power to legitimate the insurgent. Instead of portraying Mondale as weak, he made him strong.

"There is no such thing as the West anymore. It's a dead issue!" writes Sam Shepard in his play, *True West*. Hart preached bringing the country into the post-industrial era in a place already deep into that future. Californians wanted to know what's next. Hart's new ideas weren't so new to them. They have seen politicians like him come and go; they are sophisticated about the breed. Hart seemed to be a figure without much nuance. Moreover, the most activist segment of his base is to his left. These new politics voters are still waiting for Bobby. They believe in a politics of passionate commitment. Hart reminded them of Jerry Brown's defects. Brown had initially captivated but finally embarrassed them—he was too remote, too cerebral, too calculating. The new politics activists want power with purpose. Still, they voted for Hart, because to vote against him would have been to vote against California's eternal verities.

Now Gary Hart is undead, a political zombie incapable either of victory or of accepting defeat. The immediate question before him must be how he continues his campaign in a way that does not hurt Mondale's and the party's chances in the fall, and also convinces people that he is motivated now by principle, not blind ambition. The long-term question for him must be how a man of destiny handles defeat.

The mystique of the grueling nomination process is that the ordeal educates and changes both the public and the candidate. But what was true in the beginning was true in the end: Mondale is inevitable, and he is also weak. In California he ran third among voters under 40 and showed little appeal to independents. The Mondale campaign's theory of defeating Reagan, which it started with before New Hampshire, is intact. Now, the triumphant Mondale has the contest he's yearned for: his coalition versus Reagan. His advisers see Reaganism less as an alluring ideology than as a rival collection of interest groups—groups both less numerous and less populous than Mondale's.

In the Democratic primaries, Mondale beat two new

faces trying to represent the notion of the future. John Glenn served Mondale well as an ideological stand-in for Reagan. Gary Hart, responsive to Reagan's new ideas, campaigned for his own. Mondale has defeated Hart without absorbing his rationale. "Mondale has gained respect for the power of a shtick—that saying new ideas and new generation over and over can actually make a difference," said a senior Mondale aide. Another top Mondale aide told me that he's learned that the most destructive force in American politics is "the cult of the new" and the notion that "the world can be made new again."

Mondale, however, has hardly demolished "the cult of the new." He now faces this idea in its most politically potent form. "It's morning in America again," begins a glossy new Reagan TV ad. As an American flag unfurls to cover the entire television screen we're asked if we want to go back to how things were just four short years ago.

The general election will be a battle between two inheritors of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mondale defiantly held his ground during the primaries. He is unscarred as the defender of the material interest of the hallowed coalition. Reagan, for his part, has tried to appropriate the bouyant Rooseveltian spirit to his own ends. It was an audacious act of larceny, and Mondale made ridicule of it the centerpiece of his 1980 Vice Presidential acceptance speech. Yet Reagan has made the F.D.R. pose work for him. Now Mondale will have his chance to wrest back the title for his party. For the Democrats the danger in this fight between two old New Dealers is that Reagan will claim the "new" and Mondale only the "deal."

SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

CROSSCURRENTS

THROWING IT AWAY

LAST week a bomb intended for Edén Pastora succeeded in wounding him and killing at least eight others. Pastora speculated briefly that it was a C.I.A. bomb, then retracted the thought. To believe that is to attribute to the C.I.A. more perfidy and ineptness than is its due. Not much more, though. After all, in the ineptness department, an organization incapable of planting nonlethal mines in Nicaraguan harbors, or, even more remarkably, of funneling money to a centrist democratic party in El Salvador, without detection, hardly deserves the benefit of any doubt. As for perfidy, the C.I.A., at least in the past, has been known to do a few unsavory things in the apparent belief that a little mischief in defense of liberty is no vice.

But kill Pastora? There are much likelier suspects, beginning with the Sandinistas. They have the motive: Pastora,

ex-Sandinista and revolutionary hero, is the opponent they fear most. They have the means: they demonstrated their ability to kill by remote control when they blew up Somoza in normally safe (at least for exiled dictators) Paraguay. And they have shown the inclination before: several months ago a group of Basque terrorists plotting to kill Pastora were arrested in Costa Rica. Since Pastora is not known for his anti-Basque sentiment, it is not hard to guess who sent them (no doubt in return for favors like training and arms—revolutionary accounting, perhaps). It is even remotely possible that some other *contra* group made the attempt, envious perhaps of Pastora's popular support, or because his willful independence is blocking unity efforts in the anti-Sandinista front. Circumstantial evidence, including ABC reports of Basque movements around the time of the bombing, points to Managua. This is nothing to be particularly shocked about. Revolution is not a tea party, Pastora is at war with Managua, and assassination of foreign enemies is illegal in only some countries.

THE ISSUE here is neither morality nor justice, but political wisdom. That Pastora was led even to suspect the C.I.A. is testimony to the agency's relentless efforts, only partially successful, to control him and to destroy him as an independent force. Pastora initially had nothing to do with the C.I.A. He wanted to offer a nonaligned "third way." He sought support from Latin American and European progressives, such as Felipe Gonzalez of Spain and the Socialist International. He found their commitment to the third way to be highly theoretical. After several rude rebuffs, Pastora decided to accept help from "anywhere," including the C.I.A., to keep his guerrilla army going.

The problem with taking money from anyone, including the C.I.A., is that they then have a hold on you, and they have ideas of their own. In this case, the C.I.A.'s idea is unity. The agency has been trying to force Pastora and his Costa Rica-based guerrilla force, ARDE, into an alliance with the Honduras-based *contras*, the F.D.N. The C.I.A. is partial to the older, larger, and more conservative F.D.N., which commands a force of about ten thousand men. ARDE objects to the F.D.N. because it includes ex-National Guardsmen among its commanding officers. Pastora sees himself as representing the authentic Sandinista revolution, now betrayed by the comandantes in Managua. He resisted unity efforts, except under strict conditions: a purge of F.D.N.'s Somocistas, and a unified military command under him (political command to be shared by the F.D.N. and ARDE). The C.I.A. was not amused. It increased its pressure. In April ARDE seized the Atlantic coast town of San Juan del Norte, but lost it to a Sandinista counteroffensive a few days later. Some of Pastora's men complained bitterly that the C.I.A. withdrew logistical support as a way of teaching Pastora who was the boss.

Whether this story is any less paranoid than the C.I.A. bombing story we don't know. We do know that the C.I.A. gave ARDE an ultimatum: agree to join with the F.D.N. by a certain date, or be cut off. On that day—one

day before the bombing—ARDE split in two. Some, like Alfonso Robelo, a respected moderate and a former member of the Sandinista junta, figured that the taint of the F.D.N. was a lesser evil than losing ARDE's only lifeline, American support. Pastora, as usual, decided to go his own way.

HE IS NOW in Venezuela, having been expelled from Costa Rica. Costa Rica, which had been granting him haven, has no army, and thus little independence. Pastora's attacks across the border were bringing Nicaraguan retaliation and strong domestic pressure to keep Costa Rica out of the fight. Two weeks before the bombing, the foreign ministers of Nicaragua and Costa Rica met on the border and, after moving to the Nicaraguan side, signed an agreement reaffirming Costa Rica's strict neutrality. This apparently meant getting rid of Pastora. Within hours of his arrival, wounded, from his camp in Nicaragua, he was sent packing to a hospital in Venezuela by a newly Finlandized Costa Rica. The United States, which has offered Costa Rica some backing, showed little inclination to exert countervailing pressure on Pastora's behalf. It seems content to see Pastora squeezed out of his Costa Rican haven. Perhaps it believes that the thought that he cannot win a Nicaraguan revolution from Caracas might concentrate Pastora's mind.

The C.I.A. is not a rogue elephant. Its Pastora policy is directed by the Reagan Administration. Why is the Administration, in effect, collaborating with the Sandinistas in neutralizing him? The aversion of conservatives to a man like Pastora is partly temperamental and tactical. He is unpredictable, occasionally reckless, and always insubordinate. He also makes mistakes. (Otherwise why is he in Venezuela and his far less popular Sandinista comrades in Managua?) His principal mistake was turning over his southern army to the Sandinista leadership in the flush of victory in 1979. Needless to say, they never gave it back.

But if the United States stopped backing Third World leaders who make mistakes, it would effectively be isolationist. The real reason conservatives don't like Pastora is ideological. Some see in him a professional revolutionist, a man who took up arms as far back as the early 1960s when there were still other nonmilitary routes (which other ARDE leaders took) open to the opposition. Others believe he is, or was, or, if he wins, will be, Communist. Or maybe worse: independent.

These reasons are all unconvincing. Those who know Pastora believe him to be, at worst, a romantic nationalist. And whatever else one may believe about him, he is, as the Marxists would say, objectively anti-Communist—at least as much as the Administration claims that the F.D.N. is objectively anti-Somocista (since to be Somocist in today's Nicaragua is tantamount to political suicide). Moreover, if preventing the consolidation of a Sandinista dictatorship in Nicaragua is the Administration's objective, Pastora is probably the one man most capable of doing it.

The Sandinistas fear Pastora because he has a credible revolutionary claim to their throne. More than credible: he

is a charismatic figure with a popular following. (The use of his name in government-controlled media in Nicaragua is a punishable offense.) It is he more than anyone else that the Nicaraguans sought to prevent, with their farcical election law, from running in the November election—because he might win. No one in the F.D.N., from its stolid leader Adolfo Calero on down, could ever do that. As one ex-Sandinista scholar put it, “In Nicaragua you find Sandinistas, you find Pastoristas, you can even find Somocistas. But you don’t find Caleristas.”

A man who can win an election is the only one likely to win the war. No doubt the F.D.N. could fight the Sandinistas alone, in a war of attrition that would bleed them, and perhaps hamper their effort to aid the rebels in El Salvador. But it can’t win. Only an unreliable revolutionary like Pastora—precisely because he is unreliable (to the United States) and a revolutionary—can. He holds out the only hope of overthrowing the Sandinistas in a popular uprising, or, short of that, of forcing them to accept some kind of pluralist accommodation. If Calero, a former Coca-Cola manager, can marshal a force of ten thousand peasants, imagine what Pastora could do, given the same backing and the base he needs in Honduras.

Pastora stands a chance of winning not only in Nicaragua but also in Congress, where the prospect of a non-Communist Nicaragua is decided bi-annually. The F.D.N. is always open to the charge of Somocism. Pastora is not.

He is a national hero, a revolutionary, and mildly anti-Yankee: made-to-order for House Democrats. When you ask a Democrat opposed to aid to the *contras*, “Why not support Pastora?” the usual response is either *realpolitik* (he can’t win), or, simply isolationist (we have no business there). No one says he is not worthy of support. Even George McGovern would give him “nonmilitary support,” for what it’s worth. The Administration’s shortsightedness in burying Pastora, let alone not making him the center of its strategy in Nicaragua, is astonishing.

The Democrats won’t independently embrace Pastora out of timidity. They are not ready for the challenge, political and intellectual, of supporting an armed anti-Communist (in the absence of direct Soviet intervention, which makes the case, as in Afghanistan, easy). The Administration won’t support him out of ideological blindness. It is not ready for the challenge, political and intellectual, of supporting a revolutionary anti-Communist. Costa Rica won’t give Pastora haven, as it did during his fight against Somoza, because it is too weak to stand up to the Sandinistas. The Nicaraguan leaders want to destroy him because he is the embodiment of the revolution they betrayed. And the F.D.N. doesn’t want him because, with his commanding popularity, he would rule them. He sits in Venezuela.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

The indecent choice between censorship and civil libertarianism.

THE NEW PORN WARS

BY JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

PORNOGRAPHY has always been with us, but now it seems to be coming at us. Once the secret vice of upper-class males, porn is now the public vice of anyone who chooses to share in it. It is a growth industry (\$7 billion a year by most estimates), and clever entrepreneurs have fulfilled the classic dream of capitalist society by going from the humblest beginnings to the pinnacle of success—like the fellow who began to manufacture dildos in his basement fifteen years ago and now runs a flourishing million-dollar sexual paraphernalia empire. Sexually explicit books, magazines, and movies have been joined

by pornographic videocassettes, and millions of customers are taking advantage of “aural sex” phone services. So much for the satiation hypothesis, the once widely held view that people would grow rapidly “filled” once they had sampled all the available pornographic consumables, and porn would recede into some unspecified but limited “proper place.” Pornography has been democratized.

The progress of pornography from shameful twilight zones in major cities to grocery-store counters in small towns is a story of the spread of an aesthetics of mechanistic and often cruel sexuality, of profit, and of vast social change—some would say disintegration. Its proliferation tells us how ineffective are the old unwritten rules of internalized constraint: taboos, shame, scandal. In tossing off those constraints in the name of freedom—in ways that

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were genuinely liberating for many—we seem to have opened the way to a new coarseness and brutalization in our representations of human sexuality. “The Porn Plague,” a *Time* magazine story called it in 1976, the metaphor suggesting that pornography had become a natural force akin to an epidemic disease, and that we were unable to inoculate ourselves against it.

Not so, said the mayor of Indianapolis, William Hudnut II. On May 11 Hudnut signed into law an ordinance approved by a vote of 24 to 5 in the city council that made pornography a violation of women’s civil rights. “Pornography is central in creating and maintaining sex as a basis for discrimination,” the ordinance declares. Other cities, according to a story by E. R. Shipp in *The New York Times*—including Detroit; Wichita, Kansas; and Madison, Wisconsin—are interested in the law.

THIS NEW strategy for attacking pornography originated in Minneapolis last December. In the course of debating an ordinary antipornography zoning ordinance, the Minneapolis City Council was persuaded by Catherine MacKinnon, a law professor at the University of Minnesota, and Andrea Dworkin, a radical feminist writer, to consider a more sweeping approach. MacKinnon and Dworkin defined pornography, simply and unequivocally, as a form of violence against women. Reiterating the slogan of the feminist antipornography movement, “pornography is the theory and rape is the practice,” they proposed an amendment to the city’s civil rights ordinance that would classify pornography as “a form of discrimination on the basis of sex”—hence a violation of the civil rights of women and a denial of equal protection under the law. Their proposal defined pornography as “the sexually explicit subordination of women, graphically depicted, whether in pictures or words,” including the portrayal of women “as sexual objects, things, or commodities; . . . who experience pleasure in being raped, or . . . as whores by nature; or . . . in scenarios of degradation, injury, abasement, torture, shown as filthy or inferior, bleeding, bruised, or hurt in a context that makes these conditions sexual.”

The council heard dozens of witnesses, many of them women who claimed they had endured sexual violence inspired by pornography. Several legal experts also testified that the proposed ordinance could not survive a court challenge. On December 30 the ordinance passed by a vote of 7 to 6, but Mayor Don Fraser, noting opposition to the measure by the Minnesota Newspaper Association, the Association of American Publishers, and the American Booksellers Association, decided the free speech concerns outweighed all others and he vetoed the bill. Fraser’s veto, however, caught Hudnut’s attention, and he got in touch with supporters of the Minneapolis ordinance. They helped the Indianapolis District Attorney’s office draft the measure that eventually passed.

What has sprung up in these Midwestern cities is a new war on pornography. The *dramatis personae* are familiar enough: angry feminist antipornographers and equally

alarmed civil libertarians. But in the background also lurk conservative and religious antipornographers on one side, and pornographers themselves on the other. Troubled liberals and (some) radicals look on, unable to join either the antipornography or the libertarian camp.

The political anomalies of the pornography debate are confounding. It may be true, as a columnist for *The Wall Street Journal* said, that had the Moral Majority written the Minneapolis ordinance, it would “have been laughed out of this liberal town.” But it’s equally true that Mayor Hudnut, a Republican, and the Indianapolis City Council, controlled by Republicans, lined up behind a proposal conceived by radical feminists. Pornography makes for strange bedfellows.

One thing is clear from the Minneapolis ordinance and its spin-offs: a large segment of the public is demanding new ways to control the pervasiveness and brutality of pornography. The Minneapolis prototype appeals to diverse members of the antiporn constituency, both feminists and conservative “law and order” types. Why?

The Minneapolis statute extended the notion of harm to encompass any situation in which a “woman . . . could claim that she had been injured, or coerced.” The injury could have—and most often would have—been psychological, a blow to the woman’s sense of well-being and mental health. Coercion could have been construed so broadly as to incorporate a woman’s claim that the sight of a book cover she deemed pornographic inhibited her from shopping freely in a supermarket where the book is sold. The ordinance combined this dramatic extension of the notion of harm with the proclamation that pornography constitutes a form of sex discrimination. Dworkin, a writer who proclaims that “men love death . . . men especially love murder,” argued in an interview that when she goes into a store and sees material she finds subjectively offensive (not necessarily “hard core”), “My rights as a citizen are violated because of those magazines that show me as an abject degraded victim. [They] in fact subordinate me when I am in the supermarket. They change my civil status and make it different from yours because you’re a man and I’m a woman.” As the injured party, the woman could bring suit under civil law against “a particular person, place, distributor, exhibitor.” To the problem of pornography, the ordinance offered a simple answer: sue.

PROPONENTS OF the Minneapolis statute insisted that pornography by definition sets up a clash between First Amendment guarantees on the one hand and the equal protection of the law—the Fourteenth Amendment—on the other. In this clash, Dworkin shows scant regard for First Amendment concerns: “I find the civil liberties stance to be bourgeois hypocrisy a lot of the time. We’re talking about the oppression of a class of people.” The only question raised in the minds of the feminist antipornographers by the First Amendment was: How can we get around it?

Predictably, civil libertarians in both Minnesota and In-

diana made an absolute defense of the First Amendment. In Indianapolis, the Indiana Civil Liberties Union, several bookstores, and a cable TV station challenged the law in federal court less than an hour after Mayor Hudnut signed the bill. The battle lines, of course, had been drawn long before. In 1980, Aryeh Neier, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, writing in *The Nation*, termed the women's campaign against pornography a feature of "the new censorship," citing the denunciation of First Amendment defenders by Dworkin, Susan Brownmiller, and others. "Let us make certain the new censors are labeled for what they are," Neier concluded, "That is the best way of impairing their ability to attract adherents to their cause."

The Minnesota Civil Liberties Union opposed the MacKinnon-Dworkin proposal, vowing to fight it all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary. So did the liberal *Minneapolis Tribune* (in the name of "free expression, constitutionalism, and common sense") and *The Washington Post*, which termed the ordinance "absolutely batty." By promulgating a definition of pornography so broad it might indict a John Updike novel along with a snuff film, feminist protestors confirmed the civil libertarians' worst fears. To First Amendment absolutists, this latest antiporn crusade reinforces a world view that no doubt comes to them too easily: the belief that *any* attempt to curb or regulate the new, more pervasive, and more violent pornography invites censorship and threatens liberty.

The civil libertarians, of course, say they are defending the principle of people to publish whatever they want. But in saying that the government must never, or only rarely and cautiously, step into the breach, they find themselves tacitly allied with pornographers. Given the pervasiveness and the brutality of pornography, and its growing preference for children as its subjects, the absolutist stand may be increasingly difficult to uphold as cities like Minneapolis and Indianapolis begin to confront the issue.

Similarly, feminist antipornographers now find themselves in a tacit but uncomfortable alliance with right-wing and religious crusaders who also denounce pornography as our worst modern vice. Syndicated columnist Joseph Sobran has railed against films and magazines that degrade women and objectify their bodies (*Dressed to Kill* and *Playboy* were his examples), and thus provide a rationale for "the nut who hates women." His position on the relationship between images, action, and attitudes is identical to that of Women Against Pornography, the feminist anti-

pornography organization which has an office in New York's Times Square. A WAP leader claims that "pornography is a powerful agent of socialization that degrades women and conveys the notion that women are appropriate and deserving targets for sexual violence." "The essence of pornography is the defamation of womanhood," reads a WAP flyer. Sobran and such conservative groups as Morality in Media, Inc., and Citizens for Decency through Law would agree wholeheartedly, even down to the faintly archaic usage of "womanhood defamed."

Feminist antipornographers vehemently deny any mutual interest with conservative campaigners. In their view, the Moral



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Majority and other conservative groups have the heaviest interest of all in maintaining male dominance. MacKinnon, for example, says that "right-wing men have too much staked on their dominance" to be allies in the struggle against porn. But if, as feminists claim, the explicit intent of pornography is to keep women in a subordinate position by humiliating and degrading them, it is hard to figure out why "right-wing men" wouldn't implicitly or explicitly favor pornography, seeing it as a weapon in their own self-interest. Despite disavowals from both sides, the right-wing and radical feminist efforts do converge. The rationale may differ, but the ends sought—the elimination of pornography as defined by each group—are identical.

THIS CONFUSION begins in the ambiguities of our most fundamental political principles. Liberalism, as such, is indifferent to the ways of life any individual chooses to pursue—unless his actions harm anyone else. Holding as self-evident a view of the person as a bearer of inalienable rights who must be free to determine his own ends, liberal society promulgates and protects “negative freedom.” The citizen is free *from* a public morality he may not share, and free as well from the intrusions of his neighbors into his “private” affairs. Our political morality, in other words, is agnostic about alternative conceptions of the “good life.”

Jefferson’s pronouncement that it mattered not to him whether his neighbor believed in twenty gods or no god—it neither picked his pocket nor broke his leg—captures the reigning ethos. If I am threatened, I may call upon civil society to guarantee my protection, just as I may, if necessary, challenge that society if it threatens the rights its procedures are duty-bound to protect. This bracing ideal requires that politics touch nothing but external behavior: my actions can be regulated or punished only if it can be demonstrated that they impinge directly on you.

Our political morality, then, sets the context for debates over pornography. The political language of liberalism presumes a sharp cleavage between public and private. In John Stuart Mill’s “On Liberty,” this distinction was couched as a cleavage between “self-regarding” and “other-regarding” actions. Mill declared the sphere of untrammelled human liberty to include “conduct which affects only” the individual—including conscience, thought and feeling, opinion and sentiment, tastes and pursuits, expressing and publishing opinions, and uniting “for any purpose not involving harm to others.” Celebrating individual choice and rights, classical liberalism grants no similar status to principles of belonging or obligation. Aspects of our moral experience located in ties of friendship, family, and community life are theoretically untouched by liberalism’s regulative principles.

In practice, though, the distance between the public citizen and the private person has not been as great. American communities throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth century were held together less by liberal constitutionalism than by churches, ethnic ties, fraternal organizations, and especially Protestant morality. In communities that shared a common set of moral beliefs, from the Puritan colonies to small towns in the Midwest, extreme measures such as public censure and ostracism were available. But the general moral consensus was secure enough to make such measures superfluous. This strong sense of community gradually broke down under the forces of relentless social change and industrialization—the growth of cities, the invention of the car, the disruptions of wars, the spread of the media, and the sprouting of suburbs. Moral consensus—hence outrage at deviation—no longer serves to compel in matters of sexuality and aggressiveness.

In the absence of shared communal norms, protestors and reformers are compelled to make their case in the language of individual rights, in terms of “freedom from.” This may account for the rhetorical overinflation that characterizes public debate when questions of moral concern such as abortion are addressed. One extraordinary example of this phenomenon can be found in sexual liberationist tracts that proclaim sexual gratification a *political* right. Thus the authors of a manifesto written in 1976, calling for an unrepressed society, describe masturbation as a “right,” declaring that once the right was either seized or granted, the individual could go on to develop new and better “masturbatory techniques” as his or her way of making a “political contribution.”

CLEARLY THE idea of “rights” cannot bear all the weight being placed upon it. But without reference to rights, how can someone press the case for cultural change in a liberal society? We are officially indifferent to people’s inner worlds, and to the moral visions that animate them and hold them together (or drive them apart). But the feminist antipornographers do have a telling point: Is the private “moral vision” found in violent pornography entirely private? Reformers who answer “no” must in a liberal society prove damages in order to get government to take punitive action. Thus, as traditional social constraints on “private morality” collapse, reformers worried about the effect of morality on public life are increasingly tempted to ignore the distinction between public and private worlds.

The Minneapolis ordinance had as one of its specific concerns “private porn”—pornographic material viewed in people’s homes. The framers of the ordinance see this “saturation” of popular culture by the porn industry as a way to make (in Catherine MacKinnon’s words) “more abusive treatment of women acceptable.” By first defining pornography as harmful by definition, and going on to extend the reach of civil rights violations and discrimination, they clearly hope to make a dent in the 1969 Supreme Court case of *Stanley v. Georgia*, which permitted the use of “obscene” materials in the privacy of one’s own home. Similarly, conservative antipornographers are trying to outlaw “aural” phone services and X-rated cable “adult” stations. Erasing the distinction between public and private seems the only way to “get at” the pervasiveness of the pornography problem as antipornographers define it.

But for the feminist antipornographers, this solution only illustrates their deeper dilemmas. The inflated rhetoric and the claims of unrelenting victimization, together with their proposed remedy—which features individual, aggrieved women going to court—shows how difficult it is even for radicals to escape from the proceduralism and excessive litigiousness of American society. And paradoxically, the world views of the antipornography feminists and the pornographers wind up mirroring one another. Thus Dworkin sees in pornography a precise portrait of ordinary sexual relations between men and women: “It is

what women are in theory and practice." In an anthology entitled *Take Back the Night: Women on Pornography*, she describes pornography as "genocide," "Dachau in the bedroom," a "holocaust." For Dworkin and many other antipornography polemicists—as for pornographers—the phallus stands for the male as a whole; by definition it is an instrument of domination and control. (Dworkin has written that it is acceptable for women to have sex with men as long as the man's penis isn't erect.)

The view of woman as the inevitable slave of man presented by antipornography rhetoricians is precisely the view of women the pornographic imagination demands and feeds on. Both portray sexual relations as atoms bumping up against one another. Both see male-female relations only as sadistic encounters. Both extend the image of dominance and subordination from porn theater to the average heterosexual bedroom. The runaway rhetoric of cruelty insists that the violence is everywhere and that pornography merely tells us the bitter truth of it.

Both pornographers and feminist antipornographers present us with a world of pervasive control, evil designs, and daily degradation—and this fantasy exerts a morbid fascination. But if pornography mirrors anything, it is the loss of control in a world in which human beings in general and males in particular (for they are under a heavier burden of "performance" and stalwart individualism) see themselves as objects of social forces over which they have no control. Pornography is a crassly delineated mass fantasy. It offers for voyeuristic consumption a vision that attracts precisely because it signifies to "public man" what he is not, either in public or in private: a person who has unlimited power to bend others to his will.

RATHER THAN being a window through which to view "normal" heterosexual intimacy, pornography offers us a magnifying glass that enlarges actual features of our broader social landscape: mechanistic work without joy or real accomplishment, anonymous personal relations, bureaucratic controls, rapid changes in sexual and social standards, and a background of historic desexualization (or hypersexualization) of the female. The pornographer both uses and helps to deepen these forces of anomie and confusion.

The sexual exploitation of children in modern pornography confirms this picture. (It is worth noting that the language of the Minneapolis and Indianapolis ordinances blacked out this central concern and ignored, as well, the matter of gay porn, probably because it is an exclusively male concern.) Child pornography first appeared regularly in the 1960s, not coincidentally, at the same time the current pornography explosion began. Today "kiddie porn" is a regular item in hard-core porn shops. As of 1978, there were twenty-five magazines devoted exclusively to portraying children as young as three engaged in every possible form of heterosexual and homosexual activity, including rape, sodomy, and "discipline." Here is a nightmarish fantasy world in which the consumer of por-

nography enjoys a rare illusion of personal power, engages in the pretense of elusive familial tenderness while venting a deep rage, and escapes the perils of adult intimacy in an era of changing sex roles.

CONFRONTED WITH this spectacle, civil libertarians avert their eyes. We have reached a point at which the "rights" of children to have sex with anyone they like, if they can only first be freed from their "brutal, authoritarian family prisons and rulers," is promoted by one celebrant of the "freedom" of pedophilia as just another extension of the American dream. The civil libertarian can only challenge this view with the language of "consent"—children are not old enough to choose to be sodomized or otherwise gratified. But this is a thin barrier, especially in the case of adolescents under the age of consent; and it is enforceable only after its violation. Civil libertarians cannot get beyond a picture of isolated individuals, bound up in their rights and their "freedom from," going through the world *en garde* against possible constraints from concerned and potentially "repressive" communities.

The conservative alternative as presented by George Will, in contrast to liberalism's official agnosticism on porn, is attractive in its acknowledgment that the "inner life" matters, and that the character of citizens has something to do with our quality of life. In a column on the Minneapolis law, he astutely identified the feminist antipornographers' need for a rhetoric of cruelty, and for proof that one specific pornographic picture directly causes an act of violence—as if human beings were so many pots put on to boil at so many degrees pornographic Fahrenheit. "The logic" of liberal society's jurisprudence, he noted, "requires such unreasonableness before reasonable action can be taken." When he condemned "libertarian laws that express the doctrine that law should be indifferent to the evolution of the nation's character," he hit the central difficulty of expressing "collective concerns" in our hegemonic liberal language.

But he leaped from this point to attack the Minneapolis protestors for rattling "on and on about individual rights and equality." He apparently forgot that his ideal traditional communities restricted many women and denied them full civil identity. Women (and blacks, and others) have relied on their rights as individuals to make real gains. He also added a heavy dose of conventional moralism on sexual behavior in general, as if *any* deviation from the standard "Thou shalt nots" puts us on a slippery slope to sleaze and sadism. Will's "high" standards may, in practice, function rather like the old double standard. For what counted as "deviant" in traditional communities was all too frequently a woman's desire to break out of an oppressive double standard of sexual morality.

Will argued for stripping away individualism without regard for how precarious and newly won are rights for many. An emphasis on rights is a central feature of our political society—and ought to be. Rather than abandon our emphasis on rights, we need to challenge the over-

inflation of rights and the unwarranted extension of them to all spheres of life. The civil libertarian alternative has no way to speak about communal concerns; Will's conservative option threatens to make those concerns suffocating.

IT SEEMS we cannot address the porn problem in the language of community or the language of absolute (or nearly so) freedom of expression and freedom from constraint. Yet it is too simple to uneasily and ineffectually straddle the fence between "rights" and "community." So what is to be done? We might begin by drawing on the conservatives' insistence that the character of human beings matters, and that this character is related to quality of life. The brutalizing potential of manufactured mass pornographic fantasy should not be dismissed out of hand. At the same time, we should affirm that the emancipation of women cannot be repealed in the service of controlling porn. Nor should it be necessary for communities to prove some causal link between porn and rape before taking action to prevent an aesthetic of cruelty from taking over Main Street. And finally, the importance of erotic intimacy between men and women must be accepted. Feminist antipornographers cannot brush aside the difference between "normal" heterosexuality and pornographic cruelties. Nor can antisexual moralists airbrush all traces of sexuality from society.

There are legal and political tools to put this theory into practice. In the 1973 Supreme Court decision in *Miller v. California*, the Court developed a three-part test for obscenity: (1.) whether an average person, applying "contemporary community standards," would find the work in question prurient; (2.) whether the work is a "patently offensive" depiction of sexual conduct specifically proscribed by state law; and (3.) whether the work taken as a whole "lacks serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value." The *Miller* case is cumbersome because it requires a judicial determination of local standards of obscenity.

To the central protagonists in today's porn wars, *Miller*, or any local option, invites either proclamations of fear that it goes too far or murmuring of contempt that it does not go far enough. To conservative and feminist antipornographers, *Miller* offers no total solution. To civil libertarians, *Miller* is a potentially dangerous strategy that gives communities too much power over nonprotected, hence bannable, material. Thus, the current debate, including the Indianapolis law, denigrates plausible alternatives (*Miller* being one among several) and demoralizes citizens unhappy with the current moribund options.

Zoning statutes are also available, reducing the amount of pornography and restricting areas in which it can be displayed. In *Paris Adult Theatre v. Slaton* in 1973, the Supreme Court mentioned "the interest of the public in the quality of life and the total community environment" in articulating certain state interests in restricting pornography and obscenity. And in *Young v. American Mini Theatres* in 1976, the Court explicitly approved a Detroit zoning statute restricting the location of adult motion picture theaters showing "sexually explicit"—not necessarily

obscene—films. In Massachusetts alone, over a dozen towns and cities have successfully discouraged pornographers from setting up shop by restricting them to certain areas. The city solicitor of Lowell, Gerald Moore, told *The Boston Globe* in March that "zoning is one of the few rays of hope in an era when moral outrage is not enough." Despite these zoning victories, local anti-smut conservatives decry zoning as no "cure-all," and civil libertarians say that overly restrictive zoning would not survive a serious legal challenge. Clearly the stage is set for further battles.

This kind of repudiation of local initiatives causes much of the current political discontent about liberalism. Such radical critics as Sheldon Wolin, John Schaar, and Harry Boyte have pointed out often and eloquently that the eclipse (in Boyte's words) of "localist, voluntary, and historically grounded institutions has all too often been seen as unimportant or even beneficent" by reformers committed to grand, overarching visions or to unpopular strategies. "Liberals," Hannah Arendt wrote in an essay in *Dissent*, "fail to understand that the nature of power is such that the power potential of the Union as a whole will suffer if the regional foundations on which this power rests are undermined. . . . If the various sources from which it springs are dried up, the whole structure becomes impotent." The *Miller* test, and the *Young* decision, though perhaps vague, are also pluralistic, recognizing no single, uniform standard. They can serve in democratic efforts to control pornography, bolstering the kind of local activism that Arendt saw as essential to the future of democracy.

COMMUNITIES SHOULD have the power to regulate and to curb open and visible assaults on human dignity, but they should not seek, as some groups avowedly do, to eradicate or condemn either sexual fantasies or erotic representations as such. This invariably must be a process of open political give-and-take, with all points of view represented in the community taking part in the debate. To the extent that pornography is symptomatic of, and helps to further, social disintegration, in which the least powerful (especially children) suffer the most, it becomes an appropriate target for action, regulation, and reproof. But with this proviso: the knowledge that we cannot return to a past in which Americans harmoniously shared one set of moral values. Communities must put pornography "in its place" rather than seeking to eradicate it altogether. Here the language and reality of First Amendment freedom ought to chasten overly zealous efforts to create or demand community consensus.

If we moved in this direction, we might break free from the unacceptable alternatives our civil society seems to throw up fairly consistently: freedom versus community and virtue versus vice. We could break free from the extremists on both sides of the present porn wars. And we might just arrive at some future point when the remorseless fantasies of pornographers no longer carry the force they do today because they would have ceased to speak to our isolation, our resentment, our fear. □

Crony capitalism meets popular democracy.

THE MARCOS MAFIA

BY ROBERT A. MANNING

Manila

IN THE coffee shop of the Apo View Hotel in the center of Davao City, a sleepy town on the island of Mindanao, a prominent Filipino opposition politician and corporate lawyer told me, "I've been studying the change of power in other Third World dictatorships like Iran and Nicaragua, and I have to tell you, it makes my hair stand on end. It's already beginning to happen here." The lawyer's fears tell more, perhaps, about the current mood among Filipinos than it does about the real state of affairs here. The Philippines in 1984 is not Iran in 1978 or Nicaragua in 1979. (With its strange blend of Spanish Catholic and American colonial influences imposed on a traditional Malay culture, the country defies comparison.) Nor is the regime of President Ferdinand Marcos in its death throes yet. But it is in its penultimate years, and the question of who will next inhabit Malacañang Palace preoccupies not only Filipinos, but also international bankers who have billions of dollars invested in the Philippine economy, and, of course, the United States, which has its two largest overseas military bases here.

There are many signs which indicate that the end of an era is approaching. Restlessness is evident at almost all levels of society. I did not see the defiant fervor that was dramatized by continuous demonstrations following the murder of opposition leader Benigno Aquino last August. But there is a widespread resentment about the Marcos regime's destruction of democratic institutions and the accumulation of personal wealth and power by the President's family and its circle of cronies. The decision Marcos faces after the strong showing of the opposition in last month's parliamentary elections is whether to accommodate pressures for democratic reform, or to tighten his grip. (See "Aquino's Revenge," TNR, June 11.)

Ferdinand Marcos is hardly a garden variety despot. He is a brilliant lawyer and a shrewd operator who, over the course of twelve years of martial law, has transformed Filipino politics. Since 1972 he has destroyed the provincial fiefdoms of local officials and the landholding classes, stripping the politicians of their offices and the oligarchs of their assets. He has installed a network of people who owe their positions directly to him and who have profited handsomely from their personal ties. Thus an elite of

generals, business cronies, and loyal technocrats came to replace the old oligarchy.

The changes instituted during the early years of martial law—modernizing the military, land reform, developing the economic infrastructure, energy conservation—drew much initial support, promising both stability and social change from above. The World Bank-oriented economic model, based on foreign capital and production for export, was welcomed in the West and mitigated reaction to Marcos's authoritarian moves. But by the late 1970s his abuses of power overshadowed any of his social improvements.

The foreign press, not unreasonably, has emphasized the underlying ruthlessness of the Marcos regime. Although Marcos formally repealed martial law in 1981, he preserved his decree-making powers, and even after the elections he still controls the two hundred-member Parliament. More ominously, Amendment Six to the constitution permits him to override or decree legislation, or even to disband the Parliament at will. The findings of the Agrava Commission, which is investigating the murder of Aquino, point to the complicity of the armed forces. I couldn't find a single diplomat in Manila who thought that the murder could have occurred without the knowledge of the country's highest leaders.

Following the assassination last August, Marcos was forced to make some conciliatory moves. The extraordinary popular outcry over Aquino's death, the defection of much of the professional elite, and President Reagan's cancellation of a scheduled visit put him on the defensive. In addition, the I.M.F. and foreign banks insisted that political change was necessary to restore business confidence in the Philippine economy. The original commission to investigate Aquino's death, made up of compliant pro-Marcos former judges, was quickly disbanded after public protest. It was replaced by the more credible Agrava Commission, named for Judge Corazon Agrava, the fiery and independent woman who heads it. And in February and March of this year Marcos acceded to a series of electoral reforms that made it possible for opposition parties to participate in elections. Marcos even agreed, at least formally, to a succession formula whereby the speaker of the Parliament would become the acting President in the event of his death, and would call elections within sixty days.

Yet even with his election setback, Marcos still has not yielded any of his power. In fact, he seriously split the

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opposition by meeting some—though not all—of its election demands. Even the Aquino family was divided. Benigno Aquino's widow, Cori, actively supported participating in the election; his brother, Butz, led the election boycott movement. As one politician conceded to me, "Marcos is still five steps ahead of everybody—the Americans, the banks, the opposition." Marcos denies widespread rumors of ill health, and says he may run in the 1987 presidential elections.

BOTH INSIDE and outside the Marcos camp, however, contenders for the presidency have begun to position themselves. Marcos's wife Imelda has often been mentioned as a successor to her husband. In 1974 Marcos appointed her governor of Metro Manila and Minister of Human Settlements (which administers \$200 million in U.S. economic aid). She used her positions to build a patronage system of her own. (Among other things she spent at least \$6 million to televise her daughter's wedding.) But the Reagan Administration, the I.M.F., and foreign creditors consider her an unacceptable symbol of the Marcos dynasty—and difficult to work with besides. The domestic and foreign pressure forced Imelda to forgo running for reelection. Her only path back into politics would be if her husband appoints her to the Parliament or the cabinet.

Armed forces Chief-of-Staff General Fabian Ver, who began his career as Marcos's chauffeur, is also considered a possible successor to Marcos, perhaps in alliance with Imelda. A reorganization of the military last year placed the armed services, down to local militia units, under twelve "Regional Unified Commands"—all of which are under Ver's control.

Since the imposition of martial law, the military has grown by about 300 percent. With the possible exception of the Catholic Church, it is still the Philippines' most powerful national institution. Yet it is also one of the most corrupt, reportedly controlling much of the country's black market. And except for a few elite units, the Filipino military is far better at self-aggrandizement than counter-insurgency. (Since martial law was imposed, the left-wing New People's Army has grown from virtual obscurity to seven to ten thousand guerrillas active in at least three-fourths of the country's seventy-three provinces.) Though the military has a tradition of loyal constitutionalism, its politicization under Marcos, himself a war hero in World War II, has led many to fear that those, like Ver, who owe their wealth and status to the President might be tempted to launch a coup in the post-Marcos scramble for power.

Among Marcos's civilian cronies, the leading contender is Eduardo Cojuangco. Cojuangco controls the Philippines' billion-dollar-a-year coconut industry, which employs one out of every three Filipinos. He is chairman of the United Coconut Planters Bank (U.C.P.B.) and its subsidiary, United Coconut Mills. He has a near monopoly on every aspect of the business: milling, marketing, processing, and exporting. Cojuangco's financial fortunes have been

aided by his personal relationship to Marcos (he is the godfather of two of Marcos's children); and by his close alliance with Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile, who was a top corporate lawyer before he joined the government. Enrile is president of U.C.P.B. In 1975, Cojuangco persuaded Marcos to decree a "coconut levy," which meant that each of some four hundred fifty thousand coconut farmers had to pay a production tax, deposited interest-free in Cojuangco's bank. Before the controversial tax was repealed in 1981, close to \$1 billion had been deposited.

Cojuangco has used the capital to expand in numerous other areas. Aside from owning a \$20 million stud ranch in Australia, he recently took over San Miguel Breweries, the country's largest corporation. Operating like a classic Spanish *patron*, Cojuangco distributes calendars with his photo and the word BOSS printed across the top, and uses his largesse to develop an expansive patronage system in his home province of Tarlac. He has built roads and public buildings, and he has created his own army, privately estimated by Western military officials to have more than five thousand men. Thus far Cojuangco has been content to be kingmaker, quietly increasing his own influence and staying out of the public spotlight. But he is also regional chairman of the ruling New Society Movement (K.B.L.) party in Tarlac Province. There is growing speculation that in the absence of a promising pro-Marcos candidate, Cojuangco may have an eye on the 1987 presidential elections.

OTHER CRONIES with less business acumen have not fared so well, but their antics have contributed to the backlash against Marcos as well as to the sorry state of the Philippine economy. Roberto Benedicto, who controls the sugar industry through a monopoly created by a Marcos decree, is seeing his empire dismantled under foreign financial pressure. His Republic Planters Bank is near bankruptcy. Rodolfo Cuenca's Construction and Development Corporation (which thrived on government contracts) and Ricardo Silverio's Delta Motors, which went bankrupt when its partnership with Toyota was dissolved, have also fallen victim to the financial squeeze. Because Cuenca and Silverio chronically mismanaged their holdings, the government has taken them over. As Jaime Ongpin, head of a mining conglomerate and an opposition leader, says sardonically, "With so much less money coming in to be parceled out, there'll be a lot less to steal."

Tony Floirendo, a boyhood friend of Marcos's, began modestly as a Ford dealer after World War II. But he built his fortune in Mindanao, where Marcos parceled out public lands to his friends. He owns one of the largest banana plantations in the world. The sprawling seven thousand-hectare estate has a penal farm in the midst of it whose inmates provide labor well below the minimum wage. It also features a sumptuous house with pool and waterfall. Floirendo, not coincidentally, is the regional head of the K.B.L. party. The plantation manager, Dolf de Rosario, was the K.B.L. candidate in the May elections

and won a seat in the Parliament; and Tony Floirendo's brother-in-law was the leading K.B.L. candidate in Davao City.

THIS KIND of extended old-boy network holds the real power in the Philippines, and it revolves, of course, around Marcos. The results of the May elections threaten the network, and pose perhaps the most serious challenge to Marcos since he took power. The hope of many leading figures in the business community, the Church, and the U.S. Embassy is that the opposition, with an unprecedented representation in the Parliament, can work to restore the democratic process. "With this presence in the *Batasan*," says Bernard Vilegas, a Harvard-educated economist who heads the Center for Research and Communications (C.R.C.), an independent think tank, "there will be a powerful lobby pushing Marcos to make real reforms."

The opposition, however, still suffers from years of political atrophy under Marcos's authoritarian reign. Although careful to go through the motions of democracy by holding occasional (and stage-managed) elections and referenda, Marcos has effectively emasculated the U.S.-modeled constitution. "We permitted our Great Leader to dismantle all our checks and balances," lamented Jaime Ongpin. "Without the restraining force of an independent legislature and judiciary, a nonpoliticized military, a vigilant press, and an honest central bank, we find ourselves at the mercy of one man."

It is clear from listening to Ongpin how thoroughly alienated even the elite business class has become. Businessmen previously disgruntled but not openly critical of Marcos were shocked into opposition by the Aquino assassination. Ongpin has become a central figure in the post-Aquino opposition based in Makati. It was in no small part due to the efforts of people like Ongpin and Jose Concepcion, another Makati magnate—who created the watchdog National Citizens Committee for Free Elections (NAMFREL)—that the May 14 elections turned out as they did. Ongpin finances the opposition weekly *Veritas*, which is run by the Catholic Church and is critical of Marcos; NAMFREL mobilized some one hundred fifty thousand election-watchers to document and minimize the cheating throughout the country. The opposition was no less shocked than Marcos when it captured more than 70 of the 183 contested seats (Marcos appoints the other 17).

Nevertheless, squabbling, divisiveness, and political ineptitude are still the rule in the opposition. The largest opposition group, the National United Democratic Organization (UNIDO), is a loose coalition of twelve small center-left groups led by Salvador Laurel, a former senator and a leading politician. But it was only one of forty-seven parties that fielded more than a thousand candidates. UNIDO appeared to be neither united nor national, as factions broke away in different regions.

Perhaps the biggest loser in the election was the N.P.A., the armed wing of the Communist Party, which actively

opposed and disrupted the election. The moderate opposition's strong showing refuted the N.P.A.'s claim that reform from within the system is impossible. The leftist groups—the N.P.A., and the underground National Democratic Front, as well as aboveground coalitions such as the Nationalist Alliance—are increasingly well organized among the disenfranchised. But they lack the wherewithal, as the failure of the boycott movement showed, to be more than an irritant.

NO MATTER what government runs the Philippines, no one here expects the country to turn around in less than five or six years. The Philippines pays close to \$3 billion a year in interest on its debt and \$2 billion in oil bills. With total revenues from exports barely \$5.5 billion annually, not much is left for imports and development. The Philippines had a -1 percent growth rate last year, and is expected to have -7 percent growth this year. With a population of over fifty million (expected to double by 2020) and some six hundred thousand people a year entering the job market, the situation looks grim. The C.R.C. predicts that some three hundred thousand workers will be laid off this year. Close to one thousand businesses have already folded. Future access to foreign loans will be severely curtailed because of the outstanding debt. Observers across the political spectrum agree that the country has lost all hope of competing with the economic powers of the region—Taiwan, South Korea, Singapore. Rather than industrialize, the Philippines now must focus its economic efforts on agriculture to take advantage of its fertile land.

Benigno Aquino was well aware of the difficulties that would accompany a democratic post-Marcos government. In an interview not long before his death, he said, ". . . when Marcos falls, you come in, the Communists back off, and people expect you to make miracles. . . . How do I put back three million jobs? How do I bring down the price of gasoline? . . . So the people will say, 'Jesus Christ, you're the guy we waited eight years for? You're even worse.' " He predicted that any successor to Marcos would not last six months.

The most likely scenario, barring the death of Marcos, is not an Iran-like collapse, but a muddling through. Marcos will likely bow to the pressure to devalue the currency and institute other austerity measures, after which the I.M.F. will provide \$650 million in emergency credit. The I.M.F.'s stamp of approval will in turn permit the long delayed rescheduling of the Philippines' foreign debt by the end of the year. The continued flow of U.S. and Japanese aid will help keep the economy afloat while life gets harsher for the Filipino people.

The elections were a major step toward achieving a democratic succession in the long run, and they have made the Marcos regime more accountable in the short run. But to the extent that they restore credibility—both at home and abroad—they may also turn out to be a blessing in disguise for Marcos. Ironically, they have helped to ensure his survival for the immediate future. □

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Bergman in the Theater

Only Ingmar Bergman could have made *After the Rehearsal*, and that's precisely the reason it exists. He had announced that *Fanny and Alexander* would be his last picture, but even before that disappointing film was released, he had almost finished this subsequent work, a seventy-two-minute piece for TV. Allow Bergman his implied distinction be-

After the Rehearsal
(Triumph Films)

between theater films and TV films; though he has contradicted it in the past by releasing TV work as theater film, in this case the TV piece is intrinsically different—in fact, different from anything he has done before. Bergman has often worked with small casts in a relatively limited space: *Persona*, for prime instance, has only two important characters and takes place mostly in a seaside cottage and the surrounding grounds. *After the Rehearsal* has three characters (two children appear who don't speak), but it is limited to one place; what's more, excepting an occasional long shot seemingly to let us catch our breath, the camera stays in close, much of the time on faces only. This method, almost frighteningly rigorous, contains a paradox: the closeness is employed, not in a conventional room but in the large space of a relatively empty theater stage in front of a large, empty house.

Let me first enlist this review as, in part, a postscript to the one of *Fanny and Alexander* (TNR, June 27, 1983). For me, *After the Rehearsal* refutes the inflated cinema rhetoric, the carpentered cheer, the trite poignancies of the previous film. The difference is not that *Fanny* was a period piece full of nostalgic warmth while the new piece is more somber (therefore *echt* Bergman), replete with modern awareness. (*Smiles of a Summer Night*, just for one instance, manages to be good though neither contemporary nor somber.) The differ-

ence is elemental. In all its elements, *After the Rehearsal* is genuine. Unlike *Fanny*, no line of dialogue, no composition, no cut is forced, is anything but authentic.

Bergman's script is an act of quiet daring: it dares to be something other than a drama, of whatever color. In effect it's a meditation, by a theater director, on the life and work of a theater director. Yet it is done on film!—by a theater director of world fame who is also a film director of world stature.

Bergman hasn't told a story, he has constructed an armature for his meditation. Three characters sustain it: a middle-aged director, Henrik Vogler; a young actress, Anna Egerman (both of whose patronymics recur in Bergman scripts); and her mother Rakel, also an actress. The film starts with Vogler dozing at his work table on the empty stage, as he often does after a rehearsal. In comes Anna; as he wakes, she explains that she has lost a bracelet at the rehearsal just finished. A long scene follows between them, with voice-over privacies from Vogler establishing that this is *his* film. Then, while Anna is sitting on a sofa, her mother, Rakel, walks in, looking for her shoes. (She says that she had left mistakenly in her rehearsal shoes.) We learned in the first scene that Rakel has been dead for five years, but she is not treated as a revenant: she simply walks in and the scene with Vogler occurs—at a time when Anna was about twelve. When the film cuts to Anna on the sofa during this scene, the young woman has been replaced by the child, who sits mute and motionless. Rakel leaves for her apartment behind the theater, expecting Vogler to follow. There's a transitional moment when Vogler comes back to the sofa and strokes the hair of the silent child; then, with the magical simplicity that marks all of this work, the film continues seamlessly with more of that opening scene between the grown Anna and Vogler. Those

three sections constitute the whole.

The time warp, treated as if it didn't exist, harmonizes with the play that Vogler is rehearsing, *A Dream Play*. In Strindberg's words, he attempted "to imitate the disconnected but seemingly logical form of a dream. . . . Everything is possible and plausible." (Remember that Vogler was dozing at the start; perhaps the whole film doesn't "really" happen.) "But," says Strindberg, "one consciousness is superior to [all the other characters]: that of the dreamer." Here the dreamer is Bergman's vicar, Vogler. It would be silly to assume that this film is in every detail a memoir, even the memoir of a dream; it would also be silly to assume that Bergman doesn't know what he's talking about.

Anna, who is the same age as Vogler's daughter, knows that the director loved her mother. (But he lies to Anna and says he never had an affair with Rakel. Later, with Rakel, he recalls that both he and Mikael, her husband and his friend, had long been her lovers.) From Anna, we learn that Rakel, who was greatly gifted, went to a premature death through alcoholism. In Rakel's own scene, she is already in physical decline and has only a small part in the production Vogler is then rehearsing—also *A Dream Play*. Rakel

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Natural. Robert Redford has altered Bernard Malamud's baseball novel to his own ends, but some pleasures result. (Reviewed 6/11/84)

Sugar Cane Alley. Warm, gentle, yet vivid. A black Martinique boy, 1930, begins his rise from poverty through education. (4/30/84)

This Is Spinal Tap. If Monty Python were American, they might have made this pseudo documentary about a British rock group's U.S. tour. Subtly scathing. (5/14/84)

Under the Volcano. Virtually devoid of Malcolm Lowry's texture, but Albert Finney and Jacqueline Bisset are splendid as the sodden British consul in a Mexican town and the wife who helped to cause his decline and is trying to halt it. (6/18/84)

SK

virtually begins by asking Vogler to make love to her in his office; gets around to wondering whether he no longer trusts her with major roles; eventually leaves with his promise of a rendezvous in her apartment. When Vogler and Anna resume their scene, they play a dialogue game in which they trace the course that an affair between them might take. Obviously there can't be perfect analogues between the Anna-Vogler and Rakel-Vogler scenes because of the difference in his age-relationships to the two women, but there are some parallels.

Those parallels relate to the main themes on which the film is meditating. (Additionally Bergman includes acute observations on acting and directing.) The first of these is theater mystique—the mode in which even the most intelligent theater people can romanticize about backstage atmosphere, about the auditorium silently echoing with past passions, about the agony and ecstasy of the actor's emotional nakedness on stage, and so on. That mystique truly exists, but it is still twaddle, the inflation of an art that uses the artist's body and being as instrument and resource. Bergman indulges the mystique quite knowingly but affectionately, because "it goes with the territory." He understands how work in the theater makes that mystique unavoidable yet also, if used discreetly, possibly helpful.

SECOND, sex. The theater thrives on sexuality, even in many of its apparently chaste manifestations. An art that lives by the summoning of its performers' emotions, in deliberate reproduction, must sensitize those people in ways that, say, working in a bank does not. This is patently not to say that acting equals depravity (or that bank employees have no sex lives). Yet it's easy to see why actors were long thought to be ipso facto immoral. Bergman is not so much searching out hidden truths about the alerted sexuality of the theater as he is drenching his film in its musk. The moment that Anna returns ostensibly looking for her bracelet, Vogler knows that it's only an excuse—for some kind of skirmishing. When Rakel enters, somewhat high on something more than drink, she wastes little time in asking Vogler to make love, and she insists over his demurrals that he really wants her. It's relevant that in the middle of his scene with Anna, Vogler helps her with her acting—a passage in

her Strindberg role; and that, in the middle of Rakel's scene, she launches into a speech from a play. (From *The Bacchae*, of all plays—a literally Dionysian speech.) Both of the acting moments, and all three of the scenes in the film itself, are wreathed in sexual vapors that seem to be simmering out of this very place, a theater.

Neither with these themes nor in plot does the film move to a conclusion. It is all just Bergman meditating on what it would be like to be sitting at his work table after a rehearsal when certain things happen, as (allowing for differences in detail) they presumably could; and he perceives how even these encounters, "undesigned" in the traditional dramaturgic sense, could not avoid the two main themes of this piece.

Cinematically the film depends on three faces. (The two children, young Anna and Vogler-as-boy glimpsed backstage, are not significant.) I've previously expressed reservations about the resident interest in the face of Erland Josephson, the veteran Bergman colleague who plays Vogler, but age is improving it, sculpturing it clean, not making it baggy. Now it is a face of pa-

tient secrets. Anna is Lena Olin, who had a small part in *Fanny*. Her chief asset is her voice, which is expressive, rather than her face, which is less so. Olin is certainly adequate, but the role could have used more than adequacy. A shock, for those who know her, is the appearance of Ingrid Thulin as Rakel, and that shock is intentional. She hasn't made a film with Bergman since *Cries and Whispers*, 1972, but other films have shown that Thulin is aging quite differently from Josephson. Here she figuratively wears a sign saying "Formerly Beautiful," and she speaks a number of lines to underscore that idea. But Thulin is as good an actress as ever, even stronger than she was, and she fulfills exactly what Bergman wants in this role: a woman who no longer *can* care about appearances but who is (therefore?) all the more passionate: for her work, for sex, for a cherished place in at least some minds. The combination of her looks and her heat makes Vogler uncomfortable—and us, too. In time, he becomes embarrassed by his discomfort and finds compassion; and we share those feelings, too.

The cinematographer was Sven Nyk-

"The first major biography"* of the powerful but enigmatic leader who changed the map of the Asian subcontinent

Mohammad Ali Jinnah was for Pakistan what his arch-rivals Gandhi and Nehru were for modern India—inspirational father and first head of state. Architect of the partition that split Pakistan away from India, Jinnah was a pivotal figure in the struggle for independence from British rule amid growing Hindu-Muslim antagonism. Wolpert vividly recounts how the tragic clash of personalities and party platforms pitted Jinnah against Gandhi and escalated from a personal rivalry into a conflict of national and international proportions.

"A superbly documented tale ... Wolpert has done what biography, at its best should do: he has told the story of a complex and tormented man, and related his torments and choices to the insoluble dilemma which he inherited."—Fouad Ajami, *The New Republic* \$24.95

JINNAH OF PAKISTAN STANLEY WOLPERT



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vist, of course, not much challenged here. The art direction by Anna Asp could be more delicate: Anna in a solid red jersey and Vogler in a tan corduroy jacket sit on a green sofa. But *After the Rehearsal* is a unique accomplishment.

Nothing in it is greatly moving, nor is meant to be; we are enveloped in a master artist's reverie on some aspects of his life in art, and when it's over, it's over—that's all. Yet when we "awaken," we remember.

SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT

Weakness and Deceit: U.S. Policy and El Salvador by Raymond Bonner

(Times Books, 408 pp., \$16.95)

In his aptly titled book, *Weakness and Deceit*, Raymond Bonner complains that many of his requests for official U.S. documents about activities in El Salvador after the coup in October 1979 were rejected by the relevant U.S. agencies. The reader, however, can hardly share Bonner's indignation. One must marvel, rather, that Bonner managed to obtain as many documents as he did, documents that provide massive evidence for his impressive story, and particularly for the two central themes of his book. One of them is deceit—how deeply the U.S. government lied to the American public about the course of events in El Salvador. The other is weakness—the weakness of the Salvadoran military machine, skillful only in slaughtering unarmed peasants, and the weakness, also, of those moderate Salvadoran civilian leaders who lend their credibility to cover the crimes of a regime that they do not control. The two themes are not new—what is new is the extent to which Bonner convincingly documents his case.

Relentlessly but in a sober style, Bonner details the behavior of the Salvadoran armed forces since the October 1979 coup. In its broad outlines the grim sequence of massacres is not unfamiliar. Bonner's contribution is to demonstrate how deeply the officer corps is involved in these horrors, and how this gruesome violence has not abated over time—"the simple fact is that the Salvadoran armed forces were no more respectful of human rights in 1983 than they had been before, and the [Reagan] Administration knew it." If these are the deserving "friends" whom President Reagan referred to in his May 9 speech to the nation, the least that can

be said is that they are not friends of whom one can be proud.

For those who spurn morality in favor of the imperatives of realpolitik, moreover, Bonner has another well-documented message. These "friends" are not only repulsive; they are also highly self-destructive. While Administration officials shrilly blame Nicaragua for aiding and abetting a guerrilla force whose numbers have grown fivefold since late 1980, Bonner persuasively argues that Managua's aid to the rebels has been exaggerated beyond all proportion. Instead he shows that the real cause of the Salvadoran failures is the behavior of the armed forces themselves. Their policy of indiscriminate repression and their bitter opposition to social reform have succeeded only in winning new converts to the guerrillas. Incompetent, corrupt, and cowardly on the battlefield, they have been slowly losing the war despite massive U.S. assistance. Indeed, when considering the performance of their Salvadoran clients, U.S. officials must think wistfully of their counterparts in neighboring Guatemala. Every bit as bloody and intolerant as the Salvadorans, the Guatemalan armed forces at least maintain an efficient terror machine, staffed with officers well versed in counterinsurgency who do not fear risking their lives. Instead the Salvadoran Army, as this book shows, embodies the most dangerous combination of cruelty and inefficiency.

Despite Administration rhetoric, the gloomy picture of the war in El Salvador is not a secret in Washington. Quite the contrary, it has become rather fashionable to inveigh against current policy in El Salvador—even moderate Republi-

cans freely express their doubts, and at times their despair. But is the President alone to blame, or is this a bipartisan failure? On this score Bonner's evidence demonstrates more than he is willing to acknowledge. What strikes the reader is a continuity between the Carter and the Reagan Administrations. Worse, if ever there was a chance to reform the Salvadoran regime from within, it was given to Carter, not to Reagan. While the Carter Administration, far more than its successor, sincerely wanted change in El Salvador, it also wanted to control the scope and the pace of change. As a former Carter official told Bonner, the October 1979 coup, led by a group of young, moderate officers, offered a "golden, last opportunity." In a situation that required daring, however, an already embattled Administration responded with extreme timidity. It looked with suspicion at the young officers who appeared willing to negotiate with the radical left and who even offered cabinet positions to the Communist Party. Carter's support went to "safer" officers who better represented the "traditions" of the Salvadoran Army.

THE REST of the story is widely known. By mid-1980, well before Ronald Reagan had become President, the moderate officers had lost all influence, and the Carter Administration danced a macabre minuet with the murderous band of mafiosi in uniform who remained. Gently the human-rights-minded Administration attempted to persuade its new protégés to become respectable, moderate officers, all the while proclaiming loudly that the miracle was happening. Among those who participated in this senseless endeavor was Carter's ambassador in El Salvador, Robert White, a "proconsul" emasculated by the imperatives of a policy which, excluding negotiations with the rebels, was committed to support the military whatever their crimes. In the fulfillment of his official duties, White squandered the reputation that he had acquired for his strong advocacy of human rights as ambassador in Paraguay. A tragic figure, sensitively portrayed by Bonner, White now haunts the corridors of Congress, recounting the horrors that he chose to reveal only after he had been forced out of the State Department by the incoming Reagan Administration.

Thus Bonner's conclusion that under Reagan "the United States had to ig-

nore the death squads since they were part of the military that the Reagan Administration was backing" applies with equal force to the Carter Administration. For if the "reformed" Salvadoran armed forces of the post-October coup have become a Frankenstein, as Bonner so convincingly argues, it was under Carter that this monster came of age.

It is important to understand the record of the Carter Administration in El Salvador, but not in order to rehash a controversial moment of history, or to crucify a much-maligned Administration. It is important because Carter's policy is praised today as an antidote to current policy by many of Reagan's Democratic critics. The focus on Reagan's faults, in Bonner's book as well as in the current debate, tends to obscure the Democrats' failure to develop a coherent and realistic alternative. Representative Michael Barnes's official Democratic response to Reagan's May 9 speech epitomized the hollowness of the Democratic critique. While waxing eloquent on the need for reform in El Salvador, Barnes was unwilling to acknowledge that unless the United States is ready to come to terms with the guerrillas, it will have no alternative but to support the regime, and hence no leverage to impose on the armed

forces the changes he called for. It is to be regretted that Bonner, who exposes so cogently Reagan's determination to impose an illusory military solution in El Salvador, fails to subject Reagan's critics (to whom he often approvingly refers) to the same incisive scrutiny. If Reagan is opposed to a negotiated solution, so in fact are the Democrats.

These defects notwithstanding, *Weakness and Deceit* is the best of the many books published on El Salvador. It acquires even more relevance in view of that country's recent presidential elections. Hope springs eternal for those who want to believe, and the victory at the polls of José Napoleón Duarte has provided comfort to those who fear the consequences of Reagan's policy. Elections, of course, can be a hollow exercise, as the recent experience of Zimbabwe demonstrates. There, in April 1979, the racist regime of Ian Smith conducted elections in the midst of civil war. Over 60 percent of the eligible population participated. In the polling, declared fair by respected international observers, Smith's tame black candidate, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, obtained 67 percent of the black vote; the guerrillas, who had been invited and refused to participate, were said to have been "unmasked." But the war went on, and

elections were held again less than a year later. This time they were conducted under far different circumstances. They were supervised not by the ruling regime, but by an international force; a cease-fire was negotiated and the participation of the guerrillas secured. In the new polling Muzorewa drew 8 percent of the black vote—while the guerrillas won more than 80 percent.

To conclude that the same would happen in El Salvador is of course an unwarranted step. Yet the Zimbabwe precedent provides a sobering warning. Bonner's insightful analysis of the 1982 elections in El Salvador places this warning in a more specific context, suggesting striking parallels between circumstances in Zimbabwe in 1979 and in El Salvador in 1982 and, by implication, in 1984. U.S. documents prepared under both Carter and Reagan, quoted in *Weakness and Deceit*, add a final note of caution; they consistently show that power in El Salvador rests in the hands of the military. This justifies Bonner's conclusion that in the present circumstances a meaningful election in El Salvador would be one in which the electorate is called upon to select the minister of defense and the members of the high command. A civilian president in El Salvador would be a mere pawn of

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the military, just as Muzorewa after his electoral triumph was a puppet in the hands of the whites.

Is this a fair characterization of the situation of Napoleón Duarte, a man whom *The New York Times* has called "a centrist committed to human rights, reform and reconciliation," and whose "inclination," according to *The Washington Post*, "is to challenge"? Bonner is sensitive to Duarte's appreciable charm and respects his honorable past. Yet he remains objective and provides a damning account of Duarte's first two years in power. From March 1980 to April 1982, Duarte served first as a member, and soon after as the president, of the governing junta of El Salvador. He sat in the Presidential Palace, but he did not rule. Instead he dutifully served, as U.S. officials noted, as a "fig leaf" for the armed forces, covering up for their massacres in Armenia and El Playón (among others) while they made shambles of the social reforms he advocated. Duarte squandered his prestige at the service of the military, whose victims included not only guerrillas and their sympathizers but also Duarte's own political supporters.

DUARTE'S honorable past and the sincerity of his centrist aspirations are not the issue. Julio César Mendez Montenegro, president of Guatemala from 1966 to 1970, and Francisco Villagrán Kramer, Guatemala's vice president from 1978 until 1981, were also moderate men with an honorable past. Like Duarte, they agreed to serve a bloody military, and traded prestige for political office. In the end they were reduced to political ciphers, abhorred by those whose trust they had betrayed and held in contempt by those who had used them. Obsessed by the desire to be president, Duarte embarked in 1980 on the same road: "pragmatic" compromises led to onerous concessions, which in turn ended in moral surrender. Whatever the echoes of the receding past, then, Duarte's problem is no longer that he might be, as some fear, too proud to suffer the necessary indignities of shared rule with the military. Rather, it is that he has surrendered his will for the trappings of office. Optimists will reply that the recent elections have given Duarte a legitimacy, and hence an authority, that he did not enjoy in 1980-82. This hope is naive. Duarte's C.I.A.-supported victory has certainly impressed sympathetic ob-

servers in the United States. But ballots are not the stuff that impresses the Salvadoran armed forces, as they have consistently demonstrated before and after their October 1979 "reformation."

While Administration officials and their critics trade rhetorical barbs for the November elections, the war in El Salvador will intensify. Bonner offers no detailed formula for its resolution, but he argues persuasively that increased military aid will not save the bankrupt regime. He draws the eminently sensible conclusion that the only alternative to U.S. military intervention is compromise with the rebels. While under no illusions about the guerrillas' lack of commitment to political democracy, he makes explicit his respect for their commitment to social reform, their bravery, and their humane treatment of non-combatants and prisoners alike. Their victory, he insists, would be far less dangerous to the long-term interests of the United States than the dispatch of U.S. troops. He hopes for a negotiated settlement because it alone would eventually offer the people of El Salvador the promise of making their own choice.

Recently a number of Democrats (and even Republicans) in Congress have become restless, and in time may be ready to insist that the Administration join in the search for a negotiated settlement. At present, however, their hopes seem to rest upon the initiatives of four Latin American nations, the Contadora coun-

tries. Bonner, however, does not join the chorus of Contadora fans. His reticence is understandable. Even a cursory assessment demonstrates that the Contadora group offers no solution for El Salvador, and in fact has never claimed to have one. Instead the Contadora efforts have been focused on the resolution of the conflict between Nicaragua and two U.S. clients, Honduras and Costa Rica.

In time, one can only hope, Reagan's Democratic critics will absorb the lessons of the past several years. The process of political education is difficult and painful, however, for Central America is a region where the U.S. writ has run too long. In Guatemala, where the efficient terror machine cannot hold out forever against a guerrilla force which feeds upon the military's intransigent opposition to reform, the United States will have one more opportunity to find a more constructive approach. But in El Salvador time is short. The growing likelihood of Reagan's reelection raises the ominous specter of U.S. troops intervening after November to make good Reagan's commitment to victory in El Salvador.

PIERO GLEIJESES

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JAPAN INK

Dawn to the West:
Japanese Literature in the Modern Era
Volume I: Fiction
Volume II: Poetry, Drama, Criticism
by Donald Keene

(Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1,328 pp. & 686 pp., \$60 & \$40)

With this large and full double-volume, Donald Keene comes near the completion of his massive survey of Japanese literature. The first volume, *World Within Walls*, published eight years ago, covered the years 1600 to 1867. The last volume, which the author is working on at present, is devoted to the classical lit-

erature through the fifteenth century. The entire enormous project began in 1966 and will have taken twenty years to complete. Its culmination will be a literary history that will long remain the authoritative account. The information alone reflects prodigious scholarship. Keene's description of hundreds of

works, of dozens of authors, often given with full précis and sometimes with textual quotes, is an indispensable account of an entire literature.

This new double volume, which covers the period from the 1860s to the 1940s, is the largest of the three. Over two thousand pages are needed to survey these eighty-some years. (The 1945 cut-off date is sometimes observed though Keene's main rule is that "in general I have not discussed living authors." Mishima, the only entirely postwar author treated, is now dead and hence may be written about, though none of his contemporaries are.) The reason is apparent. As the author has noted, "the Japanese literature written in the century or so since 1868 exceeds in volume all the Japanese literature that survives from the preceding millennium."

The reasons for this output, beginning with the fall of the Tokugawa government and the enthronement of the Emperor Meiji, are various, but among them must be the poor state of pre-Meiji literature. Japanese fiction had nowhere to go but up. "The Japanese have often been mocked for their reliance on imitation," Keene remarks, "but their literature of the midnineteenth century so little imitated the literature being written elsewhere that it had become almost unintelligible outside Japan, the equivalent of family jokes. . . ." After the Meiji era had begun, the early literature—what there was of it—suddenly seemed old-fashioned, beside the point. The point was the Western world and what it held. This meant not only the steam locomotive, the telegraph, and the bustle. It also meant the modern European novel. With its introduction came a wave of translation, which continues to this day.

AMONG the first Western authors to appear was Bulwer-Lytton. His *Ernest Maltravers* was published early on in Japan under the title *A Springtime Tale of Blossoms and Willows*. It was shortly joined by Disraeli's *Coningsby*, under the title *The Chirping of Spring Warblers*. Both books were rendered in the stiff literary style used for direct translation from the Chinese. As for the titles, Shoyo Tsubouchi, famous himself for his Shakespeare translations, recalled that unless books had "spring" or "tale" in their titles they would not sell—the old literary ways still had

some sway with the buying public. And with some of the critics as well, it would appear. One of them, Keiui Nakamura, listed a number of dangers that modern literature posed.

Persons who enjoy novels do not conduct themselves like decent citizens: women who read novels suffer from bad reputations or else die young; sons and younger brothers of men who own collections of novels often are apt to read them stealthily, destroying their future or ruining their health; and people who are fond of novels often contract tuberculosis.

Despite such threatened peril, the flood of translations continued, great in number if not exceptional in worth, since many of those translated were of the caliber of Bulwer-Lytton. If Meiji Japan had to wait for some time until a first-rate Japanese novelist appeared, it was perhaps because of the lack of good Western models.

SŌSEKI Natsume, an excellent novelist, was the first Japanese writer to avail himself of good Western literature. Though he was undoubtedly affected by Chinese and Japanese writings, his readings in George Meredith and Henry James strongly influenced various of his works. Shortly thereafter, European quality became generally recognized. Ōgai Mori, himself an excellent novelist, described the typical late Meiji writer as one who debated imitating the narrative form of Flaubert in *Trois Contes* or writing short plays in the manner of Maeterlinck. In his difficult early years Kafū Nagai, one of Japan's finest writers, thought of taking poison and dying with his head resting on the works of Maupassant. And novelist Kätei Tayama somewhat more profitably admired Maupassant; it was thanks to the French writers, he said, that he was led back to an understanding and appreciation of Japan's single great Tokugawa period writer, Saikaku.

European influence on Japanese literature during the Meiji period was so overwhelming that, as Keene says,

various Japanese critics have gone so far as to assert that the history of modern Japanese literature is no more than the history of the successive waves of influence exerted by European literature, or that the Japanese literature written after the Meiji restoration is merely a minor offshoot of modern European literature.

Certainly the influence continued, continues even now. Paul Morand had an impact on Riichi Yokomitsu, Lautrea-

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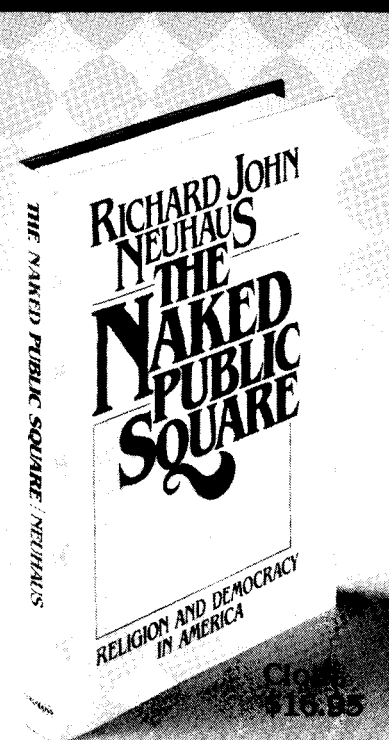
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mont influenced Sei Ito, Proust served as model for a number of writers, Jun'ichirō Tanizaki, among others, in his novel *Manji*. It was Tanizaki himself who said that he was also inspired by the novels of George Moore, as well as by Proust, and by *The Tale of Genji* too. Keene notes that the style of *Manji* "creates the impression of belonging squarely to the traditions of the Japanese storytellers," and this, to Japanese eyes, is not far from the storytelling of Marcel Proust.

WHAT HAD happened, of course, was that the Japanese author, like any other, had recognized in the foreign model something he knew in himself. Maupassant indeed has something of Saikaku (of whom he never heard) in him; and Proust has something of the Lady Murasaki. The late Meiji and post-Meiji author could choose among models to appropriate or consume—Edgar Allan Poe was devoured whole by Edogawa Rampo, a fact which will be self-evident if you say the Japanese name slowly enough. (Edogawa is not mentioned by Keene because this is a history of *jun bungaku*, pure literature, and not a history of *taishu bungaku*, popular literature, a category in which Edogawa belongs. This distinction is very important to the Japanese critic and it is one which Keene respects, being in this sense—and in others, as we will see—a very Japanese critic himself.)

Readings in foreign literature and acquaintance with foreign models led the Japanese writer back to his own culture, to himself. This was natural, because the problem was not so much whom to emulate as how to write at all. It was a problem of language, and the solution could come only from the Japanese itself. Japanese literature had long had trouble with its language. Though much had been written in pure Japanese (*The Tale of Genji*, for example), much more was written in Chinese or in that strange literary language which was formed by an uneasy combination of both.

Keene's account of the translation of Chinese into Japanese gives some idea of the difficulties. "The translator usually merely arranged the Chinese words in the order of Japanese syntax, supplying verb endings, case particles and other features of Japanese grammar, but in no way altering the characters for the nouns and verbs, a practice that often made for exceedingly obscure ex-

pression." Well into the Meiji era all books not written in Chinese were written in this odd, literary Sino-Japanese, in itself an artificial language. The spoken language was, of course, different; it was colloquial. Yet, it was only in the 1880s, after Shimei Futabatei's seminal *Drifting Cloud*, that novelists began using the colloquial throughout a work, not just for its conversations.

The same regard for tradition hampered other forms of literature as well. Poetry took even longer to rid itself of Chinese-language influences. The poet Sakutarō Hagiwara wrote of his 1914 publication: "Before this collection, not a single poem had been written in the colloquial." And his use was exceptional. It was only after 1945, Keene writes, that the use of the colloquial in poetry became general.

Once the colloquial had made its appearance in fiction, various authors, having found a vehicle, began to find individual voices. The later Meiji novelists achieved distinct (and Japanese) styles. Sōseki Natsume, Ōgai Mori—they write as Japanese and they write as no one but themselves. At the same time, however, writers—being Japanese and consequently being impelled to the collective—also began to form schools. These proliferated to the extent that reading about them makes for tedium, a danger Keene avoids by treating members as individuals and refusing to take the groupings all that seriously. (Of the Neo-Romantic School, one of many such, he writes: "If romanticism is defined into terms of the emphasis given to the emotional side of human feelings, almost every work of traditional Japanese literature might be called romantic.")

BY FAR the most important of late Meiji developments, however, was the evolution of a literary form which grew into something uniquely Japanese. This was the first-person account known as the *shisōsetsu*, or the so-called "I-novel"—the *shi* being taken from *watakushi*, the colloquial for "I" or "me."

It may well have been the influence of the naturalist novelists—the Goncourts, Zola, and the like—which helped create the "I-novel." The naturalist style was lean, bare, unornamented, almost colorless. It was welcomed, Keene says, much as Western readers welcomed "the lean prose of Hemingway." But while "for some [this] unornamented prose . . . represented a lib-

eration from the dead weight of the past, for others, accustomed to the richness of associations carried by a traditional style, the lean new prose seemed a deprivation." One of the demands of the new style was that you show only what you could see. Following the style, the I-novelists restricted themselves to delineating only what they personally could feel. Only the subjective truth was to be written about.

The I-novel had strong advocates. One, Masao Kume, found that *War and Peace*, *Crime and Punishment*, and *Madame Bovary*, "superior works though they undoubtedly are, in the final analysis were no more than so much reading matter. . . . The foundation of all art is 'I.' " Others were not so sure. Haruo Sato said that Japanese writers had to write using this form because of the poverty of their experiences; they "usually derived their materials from the trivial incidents of daily life." Hideo Kobayashi, Japan's finest literary critic, said that the popularity of the genre was due to the inability of the Japanese to accept foreign ideas. They were thrown back, he said, upon mere personal impressions. Keene correctly assesses that "the confessions of an author were interpreted not as admissions of his inability to create original works of art but as testaments of his sincerity."

THE I-NOVEL adopted confessional style. Authors admitted to all manner of irregularities, and insisted upon a surprising degree of personal unhappiness. Along with this profession of sincerity went, invariably, a degree of posing. One still finds the stance now, particularly in the Japanese intellectual—a fierce breed—where adamant confession (always on the confessor's own terms, of course) is used as an offensive weapon.

This may all be very Japanese (and Chinese too—one thinks of the notorious self-criticism sessions), but many of Japan's finest writers have explicitly criticized the I-novel. Jun'ichirō Tanizaki, for example, much disliked "the suffering intellectual who believed himself to be the conscience of the Japanese nation." He himself, he said, preferred to write about his own "distorted pleasures." The I-novel controversy continued after the war. One of the most famous postwar novelists, Osamu Dazai, wrote mainly I-novels filled with con-

fessions and self-loathing. Yukio Mishima wrote a parody of the I-novel in his first published work and never touched the form again. He loathed both it and Dazai equally. I-novels are still being written and the form, whatever its limitations, seems alive and as healthy as, given its nature, can be expected.

OTHER FORMS of literature—drama, poetry—failed to produce so distinctively Japanese a literary form as the I-novel. Indeed, from Meiji onward the very survival of the drama seemed at stake. During the dangerous days of early Meiji, when the pagoda at Nara was almost torn down because it was so old-fashioned, many traditional arts were imperiled. Noh drama was saved only because it was discovered that abroad it was the custom to entertain foreign dignitaries with performances of opera. The Japanese had no opera but they did have the Noh. So they showed it to the first dignitary that came their way, ex-President Ulysses S. Grant. He, unlikely as this might seem, enjoyed the experience, and advised his hosts to keep the show on the road. Thus it was that an American Civil War general saved the classical theater of Japan.

Other dramatic forms had no General Grant to rescue them. The *bunraku* doll-drama fell upon particularly bad days and was even driven—horrid extreme—to hiring real girls. It worked. "Many . . . attended, not for the puppets but for the pleasure of seeing young women earnestly declaiming the lines." The Kabuki made money and was consequently unassailable.

Though Japanese fiction and poetry developed their own forms, the Meiji modern theater in its various forms—*Shimpa*, *Shingeki*—managed nothing of the sort. The ins and outs of Japanese drama in this century are curious, and Keene describes them all. It is an indication of his thoroughness that even though "only since 1945 have plays measuring up to international standards been written and performed in Japan," he has nonetheless read all of the pre-1945 dramatic literature and presents it in full detail. It isn't any good; but, given the descriptive aims of this work, that is not Keene's concern.

Japanese poetry was late in creating a strongly personal profile. Not that poetry was a peripheral art. It was always taken seriously. Basho was established

as a legitimate object of divine worship in 1879. Usually, however, early poetic experiments were sterile—as in Masakazu Toyama's very long poem, *On the Principles of Sociology*, of which Keene says: ". . . the theories of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, even when cast into regularly alternating phrases of seven and five syllables, do not make poetic reading."

Late though it was, the distinctively Japanese poetic voice eventually emerged. And the resulting chorus has created, as Keene suggests, a body of work which may be seen, perhaps even more than the novelistic achievement, as a lasting and coherently Japanese expression. Tōson Shimazaki "may fairly be called the creator of modern Japanese poetry." And in Takuboku Ishikawa, poetry found "perhaps the first Japanese writer who would have been totally intelligible to his contemporaries in the West."

BY THE late 1930s Japanese literature, particularly poetry, had achieved a personal voice, a modernist sheen, a growing universality of expression. But then came the China Incident, later the Pacific War, and with these the end of any kind of free and personal literature. The government was soon controlling everything, including all the writers. As in most countries at war, (at least among those countries who lost wars), one looks in vain for some valiant literary figures who opposed the bellicose times. In Japan, as one might have expected, there was little resistance, with everyone (to a degree—Tanizaki to the least) writing for the war effort. Though there was little resistance, "the ambiguity of Japanese . . . is such," Keene tells us, "that it is relatively easy to extract . . . almost any meaning one desires." During the war a 1940 *tanka* by Naoki Watanabe was called "the embodiment of the spirit of the Japanese army, but after the war the same poem was highly praised for its 'humanism.'"

Classical literature was also subverted. *The Tale of Genji* could not be printed because of "the irregularities it described in the succession to the throne." Indeed, Japanese criticism is such that *Genji* has always had a difficult time. The medieval commentators put the Lady Murasaki in hell for having invented an untrue story. Postwar Marxist critics refused to admit her except as the fearless reporter of the class struggle between upper and lower echelons

of the aristocracy. (She got off easy. The same critics castigated Sei Shōnagon, author of the celebrated *Pillow Book*, as a "spiritual cripple" because of her offensive remarks about the lower classes.)

After the war, Japanese military censorship ceased and Allied military censorship began. The latter was perhaps the more exasperating of the two. It insisted that all traces of censorship itself be concealed. Some authors, Jun Ishikawa, for example, achieved the distinction of being banned by both the Japanese and the Americans. Not that there was too much of worth to censor. As Keene says, "Japanese literature was in the worst state it had been in since the early Meiji era."

Here is where Keene's account ends (though he does cover the postwar works of Tanizaki, Kawabata, Kafū Nagai, other first-rate novelists, and many poets as well). This massive and information-filled description does not account for any new authors in the past forty years. There is no reason why it should, and several why it shouldn't. The Japanese critical process is a mill which grinds exceedingly finely but very slowly. As one might expect in a society so concerned with consensus, it



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takes some time for all parties to agree. Thus it is that Mishima still has his detractors and his defenders (among whom Keene is particularly warm—so much so that there is bound to be some criticism of his “making Mishima seem more important than he truly is”). And as for younger, living, writing novelists, poets, dramatists, critical opinion remains in turmoil.

IN HIS monumental work Keene not only describes the literature he discusses, he also often describes the critical reaction that greeted it and records the final verdict as well. In so doing he might be criticized for giving the impression that Japanese literary critics are more important than they actually are—indeed, in devoting a part of one volume to Japanese criticism, he has already raised some eyebrows. The eyebrow-raisers point out that Japanese criticism (in all fields) is too often venal, too often secular, and almost always too shallow and ignorant of standards to qualify as criticism at all.

Keene himself is aware of this opinion. In speaking of the very best, Hideo Kobayashi's studies of Dostoevsky, Keene says that if these were translated into European languages the Western reader might decide that he was unoriginal, insufficiently familiar with the background, handicapped by his ignorance of the Russian language; they might find that Dostoevsky was nothing more to Kobayashi than “a superficial rootless interest or an exotic diversion.” Nonetheless, Keene argues, “the facts of [Kobayashi's] career prove otherwise.” So I am sure they do; but the writing, according to this account, seems not to.

Criticism certainly exists in Japan, nonetheless, and Keene is, again, describing what exists. To imply that some of it might not be worth the account is to miss Keene's intent entirely. He is not concerned with what is good or what is bad. He will, like any Japanese critic, tell you what is thought good, and then (“on the other hand”) tell you what is thought bad.

I am not saying that Keene is not an original critic. Indeed, this kind of criticism is, in English, highly original. What I am saying is that his work is not at all opinionated and that opinion (unless it is a generally accepted Japanese critical opinion) is quite beside the point of his descriptive aims. Thus in these two thousand-odd pages you will find

much received or given opinion, but you will find nothing maverick or heterodox. There is plenty of personal comment, but it is not entered as criticism.

All of this is very Japanese of Donald Keene. And it is somehow fitting. He, more than any other foreigner in Japan, has been accepted into purely Japanese literary circles. A student of the *bundan* literary establishment, he had become a member of the *bundan* itself, no small indication of acceptance in a society that usually rejects the foreign body, no matter whose it is. And indeed Keene in this work also embodies all that is excellent in Japanese literary criticism—its meticulousness, its concern for detail, its emphasis upon the practical rather than the theoretical, its willingness to defer mere per-

sonal opinion to accept accredited consensus.

Thus it is that, within these limitations, Keene's multivolume history is an impressive gathering of information, fully and impartially described. We are presented with an enormous mass of knowledge and in this Keene is, again, true to his subject. As he himself has written: “. . . the critic in Japan has always been admired more as a purveyor of wisdom than as an analyst of literature.”

DONALD RICHIE

Donald Richie, a critic of the Japanese cinema and former curator of film at the New York Museum of Modern Art, writes widely about Japan and its culture.

HJACKING RANSOM

Selected Essays of John Crowe Ransom

edited, with an introduction

by Thomas Daniel Young and John Hindle

(Louisiana State University Press, 354 pp., \$30)

As a poet and as a critic, John Crowe Ransom had his shrewd suspicions. So it may be fitting to approach this new selection of his essays (two dozen of them, amounting to 350 pages) with some crinkling of the eyes. Are these people hijacking Ransom? Yes. And no. Yes, because this is a determined bid to capture him for literary theory; the selection, which is decisively angled, and which is preemptively slanted by the introduction's pressures, is out to present Ransom as a theorist, and as the forefather of today's theory-boomers. (On occasions, it sounds as if Ransom is their John the Baptist; on others, as if the successors are belated necessary Paul et al.) Due is to be given, and dues are to be paid, to the revolutionary cause of international literary theory.

But no, it isn't hijacking, because Ransom goes quietly. Or some part of him does. He did write a lot of literary theory, and he actually used the word “theory” a lot, so that he doesn't have to be told condescendingly (as have been William Empson and F. R. Leavis)

that theory, though he didn't say so, was what he was trying to say. There are those of us who, because of our own allegiances, have always seen Ransom primarily as a critic remarkable not for theory, but for principles and for practice: principles as less abstract, less concatenated, and less comprehensively proud than theory; and practice, as in sympathy with the New Criticism at least to the extent of agreeing that no criticism is long worth much that does not arise from and return to the very words. For us, it is salutary and even salty to be reminded of how substantial, coherent, and open to revision was Ransom's lifelong dedication to theory. Our concession might then wring from the other side an admission that a great deal of Ransom's best and characteristic criticism does go unrepresented here: all such as is more specific than speculative (the essays, for instance, on Edna St. Vincent Millay and on T. S. Eliot's “Gerontion”). We might all come together in agreeing that the best essays in this book are those which are them-

selves concretely universal: those which quote imaginatively and contemplate precisely as well as spinning sagely, such as the essays which engage with Hardy, Wordsworth, and *Julius Caesar*.

Yet the salience given here to Ransom's theorizing, which is meant to enforce his claims upon today's attention, has the unintended opposite effect of making him seem markedly antiquated. This is quite distinct from the notoriously delicious antiquities of his comic style, at once arch quivering and archer's quiverful. Nor is it a matter of his employing any dated terminology of theory (theory always lusting for new terms), since in this, as in all else, he is continent. Nor is it that Ransom the theorist is a charming horseless carriage, now overtaken by the pacesetting typesetting jet set. No, Ransom's theorizing feels antiquated because of the nemesis which attends upon theory's needing to bend itself upon some particular disputed nub. So thorough does theory set out to be, so complete within its own terms, that it can only ever achieve this by the most pointed of exclusions. To give such thoroughgoing attention is necessarily to withdraw attention from all else except as ramification. It is this which then brings about what comes to look

like the fickleness of theory. Battle rages about a chosen territory of dispute. If a particular theoretical allegiance triumphs, then the issue is dead. If no allegiance triumphs, then both sides tacitly agree to leave the issue for dead. Honor is satisfied, face is saved, and they live to fight another day. But another day means another battlefield. And, looking backward with a wise affright, later generations wonder how it ever was that this particular field, that eminence, such a barren rock, was thought worth sacrificing a life or a lifetime for. "Yet I cannot but wonder," says Ransom, sweetly marveling, "if the critics of the future may not find a quaintness in this feuding."

It is nearly a hundred years since Ransom was born (1888), and it is fifty since his central essays. Central to them, as to the work of his contemporary I. A. Richards, is the distinction between poetry and science. But it is to be doubted whether there are now any potent literary theorists for whom the distinction between poetry and science is of any great moment. Ransom spent most of his life (as Richards did) upon something which no longer is acknowledged to be a nub, or even a gist or a pith. The efforts of recent theory have been to get accepted either as axiomatic

or as proven (very different these, of course, and there is some sleazy vacillation as to which is really claimed) exactly some samenesses which Ransom took to be fascinating differences.

Science is not now believed to be the one thing which Ransom's arguments need it to be; prose is not equated with science or with certain extremities of technical discourse; the sciences are taken to be no less implicated in fictions than is poetry, and implicated too in tropes and figures of speech. "Any systematic usage which does not hold good for prose is a poetic device": perhaps, but Ransom is not able convincingly to isolate even one such usage. "The rational or 'tidy' universe that is supposed by the scientists": this was probably calumny then (1941), and would certainly be so now.

What were once the planks of Ransom's platform now feel like planks to walk. "A good many authorities have now assured us that science is simply the strict intellectual technique by which we pursue any of our practical objectives." But the authorities of 1929 are not those of 1984. The dozen pages of quotations which I jotted down about the poetry/science differentia teem with assertions which would at the very least need to be toughly argued for.

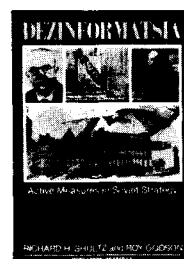
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Assertions about prose, about the language of literature as against the daily language, about science, metaphors, and (grim, this) about objectivity and subjectivity.

The point, at first, is not whether Ransom is right to stake his all on clarifying the poetry/science differentia, but whether a Ransom offered as a theorist of *this* can possibly be the Ransom for our day. There is a zombie pathos about a Ransom animated so. You may have the deepest doubts about what the regnant theorists have now agreed upon as the nub (intertextuality, say, or the sign) and yet still think that probably they are right to be signally indifferent to the science/poetry differentia that obsessed Ransom and Richards.

Not that Ransom seems to me to argue it out well anyway. For someone as refined and scrupulous and canny as his poems show him to be, he is sadly, humanly, susceptible to his own rhetoric, such a rhetoric as will make his arguments come true because all that might impede them will have been

eliminated in advance. So "science" can glide into "hard science" or "applied science"; and "discourse" into "scientific discourse"; and "prose" into "discursive prose" or into "a perfectly logical prose" or "correct and formal prose"; and "rather than" can be used as if it is not obliged to choose whether or not it means "and not"; and it can all be gracefully ducked in the end with the aid of something called "prose-poetry." Or the terms can be coercively quadrated, pinned and penned as if foursquare: "Sooner or later we shall have to make an adaptation to the world which is submissive and religious, as well as an adaptation which is egotistical and scientific." "Irony is the rarest of the states of mind, because it is the most inclusive; the whole mind has been active in arriving at it, both creation and criticism, both poetry and science." Or this: "Science with its propositions, art with its tropes."

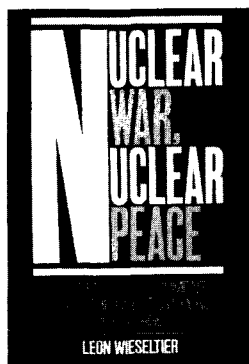
Granted, there is some truth, at certain historical moments, in these alignments; indeed one might have been

willing to ask of all these formulations "What truth is there in them?" were it not that Ransom's whole enterprise is dedicated to not permitting that form of moderate question, but rather runs all the time upon the horn of the other sharper question: "Is this true?" In which case the answer has to be, since you ask, no. "The products of machines may be used, but scarcely enjoyed, since they do not have much aesthetic character." And books, beautiful books of character, poetical works, are they not the products of machines? Ransom's victory over the machine is empty, because it is achieved only by argumentative machination. "What is the intention of poetry anyway, that it should not covet a perfect logical clarity as prose does, but clutter its discourse incessantly with figures?" But first, what is this prose which is supposed to covet a perfect logical clarity?

RANSOM speaks of the "act of despair to which critics resort who cannot find for the discourse of poetry any precise differentia to remove it from the category of science." Yet it is not despair but a wise passiveness which is to be heard in T. S. Eliot when he acknowledges: "Criticism, of course, never does find out what poetry is, in the sense of arriving at an adequate definition; but I do not know of what use such a definition would be if it were found." And in any case, Ransom's own prose and his glissades in argument are themselves desperate. "For many years I had seen—as what serious observer has not—that a poem as a discourse differentiated itself from prose by its particularity." But Ransom is not being truly serious when he brings it about that he can observe this by the tautological stroke of simply refusing to deem prose any prose which does have such particularity. "A poem differentiates itself for us, very quickly and convincingly, from a prose discourse." Tautology, like hey presto, is very quick and very unconvincing. "The world of art is the actual world which does not bear restriction": this is slippery enough (*of* in "the world of art" being asked to hold the whole argument on its slender shoulders), yet Ransom has recourse to a further slipperiness: "or at least defies the restrictiveness of science." Or at least: with one bound the argument is free. But free, too, from responsibilities which it should honor.

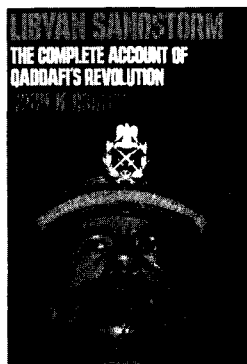
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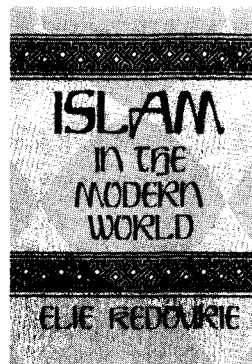
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ing able to bring himself to muster a convincing argument given so poor a brief, rather as Milton, honest beyond the call of duty and of prudence, is to be honored for having failed to make sensible the War in Heaven. Ransom wrote out of a sense of a terrible war between science and the arts (the arts being perilously identified by him with poetry). The great threat to peace, to civilization, to cultivation, to conservatism indeed, was science, "the scientific way of life," "the tyranny of science," "the monopoly of the scientific spirit over the mind," "a society in which science claims to be paramount," "scientific bondage." Yet Ransom was, like the rest of us, in bonds (a gentleman in bonds, he was); and therefore he betrays an insufficient or partial sense of what bondage is, and of what his conservatism may legitimately claim. "The darkey is one of the bonds that make a South out of all the Southern regions" (1934). You can say that again, and with a different inflection. The answer to science, or rather to scientism, proves to be "natural piety"—Wordsworth's words constitute the recurrent faith of these essays, and they furnish the poignant ending to "Classical and Romantic": "The experience is vain and aimless for practical purposes. But it answers to a deep need within us. It exercises that impulse of natural piety which requires of us that

our life should be in loving rapport with environment." This is beautiful, not least because of the implicit acknowledgment of how hard even such an aspiration is: the word "rapport," in its foreignness, can never be perfectly, easily, in loving rapport with its environment.

These essays are the work of a most intelligent, resourceful, and dedicated man who yet had a thousand times more conscience, comedy, and quiddity than their enterprise allows them to manifest. Whether Ransom set it up or not, his own critical discourse does bear out his claim that poetry is ("or at least" can be, on occasion) a far better thing. For his own hospitable magnanimous poetry is not in the bondage of a travestying literary-history such as here makes the literature of the seventeenth century and of the Romantics the only English literature which is to be truly respected. His poetry was not at the mercy of his own notions. Of Milton's propensity to preach, Ransom says: "He knew of this tendency in himself and opposed it." In his poems Ransom pitted himself against that least straw of men, himself.

CHRISTOPHER RICKS

Christopher Ricks is professor of English at Christ's College, Cambridge University.

know much of the Marshall Plan—how it came about, what it accomplished, and whether its triumphs can legitimately be generalized. After the Harvard commencement speech in June 1947, when Secretary of State George Marshall proposed it, only about half of all Americans had heard of it. Recognition had improved somewhat by the program's passage in early 1948, but not much. This book by Charles L. Mee Jr. ought to fill some of the void. It recounts, in a breezy fashion that benefits from the inspection of American, British, and French diplomatic archives, the dramatic and often turbulent story of how the Marshall Plan came into being. Mee, author of *Meeting at Potsdam*, is best at describing the conditions and climate that crystallized the cold war. The Marshall Plan is not simply a story of Europe's restoration; it is also of America's conversion to rabid anticommunism. The main flaw of Mee's account is its narrow focus. It probes neither the Marshall Plan's actual operation nor the question of why Europe (contrary to American expectations) was unable to recover from the war after an initial dose of assistance. Anyone trying to answer whether it was American ideas or simply American money that helped revive Europe will be similarly disappointed.

What compensates for these gaps is the readability of Mee's chronicle and the riveting nature of the tale itself. At the very least the Marshall Plan gave impetus to two changes that shaped the character of postwar Europe: the restoration of Germany as a major economic and political power; and the economic integration of Europe, culminating in the Treaty of Rome and the formation of the Common Market in 1958. Neither was preordained and, in the late 1940s, there was considerable—and understandable—resistance to both. Recollection of the disastrous effects of the Treaty of Versailles that ended World War I was not enough to quash demands for a punitive peace against Germany. The memories and effects of World War II were fresher still. The Soviet Union, which had lost 20 million people, wanted reparations of at least \$10 billion (a figure that would be at least five times that much today), which would have been taken out in industrial equipment and supplies. Likewise, the French preferred an enfeebled Germany and, in particular, wanted to control the great industrial and mining cen-

THE BIG BAILOUT

The Marshall Plan by Charles L. Mee Jr.

(Simon and Schuster, 320 pp., \$16.95)

Few phrases pack the metaphorical power of the Marshall Plan. Its mere mention summons up visions of American abundance, generosity, ingenuity, and farsightedness. What flashes before the mind is a picture of a devastated Europe in 1947 running out of cash and energy, drifting toward economic collapse and political chaos. Enter the Americans with fresh ideas, ample enthusiasm, and needed cash. America's nursing revives Europe. Economies recover, democratic governments rally,

and the threat of Communist regimes recedes in France and Italy. In an era with few American foreign policy triumphs, is it any wonder that the Marshall Plan now evokes pleasant memories? When Americans want to believe in themselves, the Marshall Plan leaps to mind; periodically, various imitations have been proposed for cities, Latin America, and other worthy social enterprises.

What is remarkable about this imagery is that it's doubtful many Americans

ters of the Ruhr and Rhineland. As for economic and political cooperation, it foundered on longstanding national rivalries and desperate economic conditions. Britain, in the process of losing its empire, was determined to remain a preeminent global power, above and apart from Europe. Its trading patterns were dominated by the system of Imperial Preference, which gave colonies and ex-colonies trading privileges in Britain. France wanted to dominate the Continent. All were living from hand to mouth. Food was short, recovery was stillborn, and foreign exchange reserves (which meant dollars to import needed grain, fuel, and machinery from the United States) were rapidly dwindling.

It was the very gravity of Europe's economy that created the fulcrum to change history. No one had apparently anticipated that Europe, after temporary assistance and a period to catch its breath, would be unable to recover.

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This initial optimism, though unexplained by Mee, had clearly evaporated by 1947. Early in the year, Britain informed the United States that it could no longer afford to aid Greece, which was being threatened by Communist guerrillas; the United States stepped into the breach. This was but the first sign of distress. A central problem was that the war and the postwar bickering over Germany's future had disrupted Europe's trade patterns. Germany provided much of the coal and steel needed by the rest of the Continent. In turn it absorbed large exports from other countries. Yet two years after the end of the war German coal production in the Ruhr was less than half the pre-war level. To the United States, this meant that the German economy had to be restarted or else Europe would remain perpetually marginal and dependent on outside assistance. Likewise, the Americans wanted a more cohesive Europe. It was unwilling to provide more help to individual nations—meeting, as it were, their deficiencies in basic raw commodities and industrial equipment—without a commitment to broader markets that might make recovery self-sustaining. Just as important, the United States thought a more united Europe was essential to withstand Soviet pressure.

Aside from these bedrock ideas, Marshall's initial proposal was essentially empty. A month later, George Kennan—then the head of the State Department's Planning Staff—said in a memorandum: "We have no plan." The American motives for this venture were mixed. In the White House, Truman adviser Clark Clifford felt that the anti-Communist tone of the program was politically expedient; it would distance the President from the leftist hue of the New Deal and Roosevelt's wartime Soviet alliance without abandoning the New Deal's social policy or political coalition. In the State Department, William Clayton—the Undersecretary of Economic Affairs, a six-foot-six Mississippian who had once headed the world's largest cotton-trading firm—believed that Europe's stagnation would cripple America's trading prospects. Kennan, Marshall, and others were primarily motivated by political and humanitarian impulses.

One of the great virtues of Mee's account is to remind us of the simple truth that negotiations typically succeed

because both sides want them to—not because the obstacles to agreement are trivial. In fact, the talks that produced the Marshall Plan faced immense difficulties. Marshall had specifically said that the Europeans must present a plan to help themselves; the American contribution was not to be charity, but a catalyst to revive Europe's spirit and economy. But, in the end, the United States applied considerable pressure to get the sixteen European nations to do what it wanted them to do. The French, braving an adverse domestic political backlash, were virtually browbeaten into abandoning their claims on Germany. And the Europeans were compelled to submit a truly collective program, rather than amalgamating individual nations' requests for U.S. aid. They also committed themselves to trade liberalization and currency cooperation. In short, they had to assume that some of their needs would come from each other—from economic expansion elsewhere in Europe—and not from the United States. These results had profound long-term consequences and did not come easily. At times the talks verged on collapse. But they succeeded because the Europeans desperately needed American help, which made them willing to take risks to get it, and because the Americans desired to extend it, which made them willing to accept ambiguities in the final agreement.

MEE persuasively argues that the Marshall Plan both reflected and accelerated the emerging cold war split Europe. Deprived of large reparations from Germany (the lushest spoils lay in the Western zones), the Soviets plundered Eastern Europe more aggressively. Likewise, many of the Eastern European nations wanted to join the Marshall Plan. The Soviets enjoined them. This, too, made Eastern Europe economically dependent on the Soviet Union. Many of these countries had had extensive pre-war trade ties with Western Europe. Excluded from those nations' recovery, the Eastern European countries needed new markets. Thus, Mee answers the puzzle of why the Soviet Union rejected (for itself and its allies) the invitation to join the Marshall Plan. To do so would have risked loosening its new political control over Eastern Europe. In fact, the Americans did not want the Soviets to join and made it clear to the British that nothing

was to be done to entice them in. In a rare departure from his otherwise detached style, Mee wonders whether some other outcome was possible: whether the Eastern Europeans might somehow have been brought in and whether Europe's split might, at least, have been softened.

All this storytelling is fine, but Mee abandons the trail at precisely the point where the legend of the Marshall Plan begins. The United States poured \$13 billion into Europe (a figure which, again, would be about five times higher today). The subsequent re-ignition of the European economy and the stabilization of its politics had a profound effect on American psychology. The apparent success of the combination of American money and ideas colored an expansive policy of economic and military assistance over the next two decades.

Yet, how much did American ideas really help? The push toward economic unification and Germany's restoration to power clearly mattered. When we think of American ideas, however, we

have something else in mind. The mythology of the Marshall Plan prompts us to imagine Americans showing Europeans how to do it, as if the grafting of our management skills onto our dollar investment laid the basis for postwar European prosperity. But was this really the case? There is substantial anecdotal evidence that individual European firms benefited from American advice and suggestions. But do the anecdotes amount to much? Most of these countries, after all, had substantial industrial and scientific bases before the war. Was the Marshall Plan, then, mainly a case of being in the right place with the right amount of money at the right time? Mee could have tried to penetrate the mythology, but he didn't.

ROBERT J. SAMUELSON

Robert J. Samuelson writes a biweekly economics column for *Newsweek*, as well as a column that appears in *The Washington Post* and *The Los Angeles Times*, among other newspapers.

MUSE OF THE METROPOLIS

The Art of the City: Views and Versions of New York by Peter Conrad

(Oxford University Press, 329 pp., \$18.95)

Reading Peter Conrad's *The Art of the City* brings to mind a cryptic remark of Jean-Paul Sartre's: "I was looking for New York and couldn't find it." Not that Conrad's book undertakes anything like a "search for the city." It concerns itself less with an actual than with an imagined city: New York as imagined and reconstructed by artists (writers, painters, and photographers) rather than New York as a polity and a society, a place governed and organized in certain specific ways.

A fellow of Christ Church, Oxford, and author of an earlier book on European views of America, *Imagining America*, Conrad here does some imagining of his own, contributing to the tradition his earlier work described. He is not so much looking for New York as he is

looking at representations of the place, at New York in the form of "views and versions." Still, Sartre's remark is relevant, and in a double-edged way. It names a predicament (looking and not finding; finding oneself lost) common enough to visitors to New York, particularly first-time visitors from abroad. This is a book by such a visitor, an Oxford don who admits to being "exhilarated and alarmed . . . in about equal parts" during his first visit in 1969. He speaks of the book's "urgent reason for being" as "an attempt to understand a place which fascinates me, and to understand my own fascination." A search, then, in any case—for "understanding" if not for a place.

What does he find? Sartre described himself looking for New York at a par-

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ticular juncture, the corner of Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue one Sunday in January of 1945. The "numerical anonymity of the streets and avenues" made him feel "simply anybody, anywhere." "You never lose your way, and you are always lost." Conrad's search takes place in another realm, not so much in the city as among stories, poems, and especially pictures (paintings, photographs, films) which represent the city. To put it even more precisely: not even so much among specific art objects and artifacts as among the various modes of imagining that these pictures and poems and stories themselves represent. The core notion seems to be that the city demands art, simply because people have no other way of dealing with such exhilaration mixed with alarm. The book is "about New York's intimidation and elation of people, about how art tries to cope with its physical magnitude and the profusion of its possibilities."

INTRODUCING himself in the preface as one whose "exhilaration and astonishment have . . . become obsessive enough to be written down," Conrad drops a clue that his own book might itself be another of those efforts to "cope" with New York: a coping by response to the coping of others. What we have here is no ordinary book of criticism or scholarship. Written almost entirely in the present tense without full-scale analyses or discussions of its exemplary texts, the book is not easy to pin down. Indeed, deciding what kind of book it is can become a chief preoccupation of reading, and is perhaps finally the most interesting challenge the book poses.

Unburdened by footnotes, citations, bibliographies, *The Art of the City* establishes a discourse of its own. Without intending any slight I am tempted to call it "the higher impressionism." The book is a performance, a display of erudition, wit, stylistic virtuosity, and a finely honed literary intelligence, all playing in steady flow upon topics ranging from Walt Whitman to Henry James to O. Henry and Damon Runyon, from the painters Sloan, Marin, and Hopper to the photographers Jacob Riis and Lewis Hine, from Alfred Stieglitz and Paul Strand to Weegee, from Hart Crane and Walker Evans to Ayn Rand and Hugh Ferriss, from King Kong to Mae West. Indeed cultural inclusiveness across the

boundaries of high and low, of hieratic and demotic, is one of the book's virtues—the serious attention it devotes to photographs being an impressive case in point.

MOREOVER, the kind of attention Conrad applies to his materials is hardly stale. The poems, stories, and pictures that make up what we might normally call the subject of the book serve as raw materials for a reworking by Conrad's own literary imagination, for conversion into his own artful assemblage. And that assemblage consists not so much of formal interpretations of art works as it does of paraphrastic allusions, motifs or images identified in one place and then appearing in another perhaps an entire generation later. What gives the whole a sense of seamless continuity (in addition to Conrad's remarkable ease and suppleness of style) is exactly this cross-referencing which defies time as well as medium.

Here is a typical example of the kind of reprise with which the book is studded. The passage includes several of the book's obsessively recurrent names and themes:

Whitman's primary act of naming is followed by a series of impudent or insurgent renamings which announce a takeover. His biologically continuous Brooklyn ferry becomes the tense, distraught Brooklyn Bridge of Hart Crane; the Statue of Liberty, when Mae West slinks into her garments in 1934, is redefined as a statue of ignited libido; and the Empire State Building, which to the photographer Lewis Hine in 1931 is a trapeze for supermen, finds itself within two years assailed by King Kong, who from its spire briefly rules the city as a debased and tyrannized jungle.

There is a kind of trick here, a sleight of style, which almost comes off: the illusion that all these items do indeed belong together in the relations implied. Who can say they do not? Conrad's method is to place his materials—his cast of artists as well as their works—in conversation with one other, his own role apparently no more than to orchestrate this polyphonic collage. But this is not to say that the book's interest lies solely in its form. There is an argument, indeed levels of argument, though it is in the nature of the enterprise to offer it by insinuation rather than by direct, discursive statement—to give it weight by successive adumbration rather than explicit assertion. The most apparent

thesis centers on Whitman, introduced in the first of the book's fifteen chapters as "the genius loci of this book, as he is of New York."

In a sense the rest of the book consists of texts (including pictures) in conversation with Whitman, with his great founding act of deriving the city from himself, from his very body. "He generates the crowd, potentiates the city, incorporates its masses into himself." This self-confident organic ingestion provides a baseline for Conrad, an attitude of openness to the city which is nothing less than "an official religion for New York: a metropolitan pantheism." This is the fearless embrace of the city against which Conrad poses, in an antinomy which recalls Philip Rahv's formulation of "redskins" and "pale-faces," Henry James's fastidious retreat from the city, an exclusionary wish Conrad associates with the novel as represented by James, Howells, and Wharton (Dreiser, Fitzgerald, and Dos Passos also appear, though under different headings). Preferring the private life, the novelists occlude the city and sanctify the sheltered interior.

BETWEEN Whitman and James, then, there passes a paradigmatic dialectic by which Conrad structures (though more or less loosely) his own story. Inclusion/exclusion, acceptance/rejection: these are the poles which define the range of "views and versions" represented by Conrad's cast of writers, painters, and photographers, as well as, in one of the most interesting ploys of the book, the cast of "isms" (futurism, surrealism, modernism in general) which Conrad views as "invaders." These alien forces seek, through various modes of abstraction and distortion, to impose some particular order, to project a utopia—"the pictorial resort of those who do not feel at home in the city."

Page by page Conrad sounds neither as schematic nor as rigid as this account makes it seem. But some such structure of oppositions, as simple, as ideal—and for some readers as objectionable as it may sound—does provide the scaffolding for the continuous flow of the author's commentary, a flow which comes full circle at the end, in the final chapter called "An Aleatory Island." Here the theme is the city's "randomness," its "unending self-revision," its "indeterminacy," and the leading figures are Tinguely, Rauschenberg, Cor-

nell, Estes, and Oldenburg. Conrad presents this latter-day crew as essentially ludic artists; they are playful, comic, and accommodating where their predecessors among the modernists were confrontational. They are jesters, and thus represent—"for the time being only"—the end of New York's "artistic career," a career which ends where it began, "under the sponsorship of Whitman." To be sure, the sponsorship sounds like a parody, the good gray poet presiding over an art of refuse, spillage, garbage: "What now is the container of multitudes? A gourmandizing maw, able to ingest all those edibles; an overstocked store; a groaning garbage truck." With these images Conrad concludes his argument by affirming the city itself—a "product of happenstance," a place whose "utter arbitrariness" not even Whitman could "admit"—against all "views and versions," epic, mythic, abstract, or surreal. Rauschenberg's way of art, "opening itself to contradiction, combining incompatibles," points to sanity: "the most quietly wise rule of living,

especially of living in cities: the acceptance of all those other existences, human and mechanical, which clash with and seem to devalue ours; the benediction of strangers; the understanding, forfended by James, of our own irrelevance."

The Rauschenberg example—Rauschenberg as the "flâneur who becomes a bricoleur"—clarifies what Conrad is up to. For Conrad's method is exactly that of bricolage: "the assembly of and construction from bric-a-brac." Covertly the book begs to be taken as a work of art in its own right; at the least as a work whose own form and inner tensions recapitulate its argument. His bric-a-brac consists of hunks and chips of the works of art which mediate for him his city of fascination, and it includes illustrations sprinkled throughout the text.

Indeed, the form appears seamless; the voice of the book exercises itself in a continuous flow of intelligent talk, even willing to indulge itself in chatter when it is not chiseling perfect epigrams. Whose voice is it, and whose city? I was

struck at first by certain absences, certain expected texts and writers unmentioned—George Lippard, Cooper, Melville's great New York stories of the 1850s, and what is the first major appearance of the city in a narrative of the first magnitude, *Pierre*. Then, later, William Carlos Williams, Henry Miller, Allen Ginsburg, Burroughs, the Beats, O'Hara, and the New York poets. And all along the question: Will we get to the Harlem writers, to Melvin Tolson? Van Vechten appears—but not Ralph Ellison, nor any black artist, male or female, poet, novelist, or photographer. Nor other arts, nor jazz or blues except as alluded to in a text like *The Great Gatsby*; no dance, no rap music, no break dance, no wall murals, no graffiti except as refracted through Norman Mailer's eyes. The arts of the street, at least in their own right, as Conrad's own unmediated experience, do not exist here.

I do not mean to carp about what Conrad excludes. But what is left out in this case clarifies whose voice, whose city. Much is made of New York's "ac-

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tual and unregenerate" character which mocks all utopian versions of it. Yet Conrad dwells on places which appear often in literature and art: the Brooklyn Bridge, Broadway, Coney Island, Central Park, the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty, Fifth Avenue, the Woolworth Building, Rockefeller Center, Times Square. These name the parameters of Conrad's elaborately fictive city. They are not places where people live and work. Conrad's New York exists in a vacuum. It is the city of a visitor, a cultivated and learned tourist who seems really to believe (all those millions to the contrary) that New York "is a place of passage, not habitation," a place people "drift through . . . never to return." "You daren't belong there," he writes. "Urban wisdom demands that you accept the randomness of your apparition in and disappearance from the city." Certainly it sometimes feels that way. But only a tourist could really believe it. Living and working in the city, or not working and barely living, have no role in the book. Should they? Perhaps not. But if not, what

then is meant by that "unregenerate city" which mocks millennialist or modernist utopias? Is it another fiction, another figment of an aestheticizing imagination?

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

Alan Trachtenberg teaches at Yale University and is the author of *The Incorporation of America: Culture and Society in the Gilded Age* (Hill & Wang), among other books.

TRB, from page 6

To the naked eye, the Scowcroft Report of April 1983 seems to say that there is no window of vulnerability. "In the judgment of the Commission, the vulnerability of [missile] silos in the near term, viewed in isolation, is not a sufficiently dominant part of the overall problem . . ." to do anything about it. Did Reagan denounce General Scow-

croft and his commission for trying to hand us over to the Russians on a platter? Not at all. That's because the report recommends building the MX anyway. What for? As a bargaining chip, as a demonstration of national will, and as a potential first-strike weapon in defense of Europe. But if Congress approves (the long twilight struggle continues), the new missile will go in the same old vulnerable silos, so its arrival won't address the need Reagan said was so urgent. And the other strategic weapons Reagan has asked for won't be available before the end of the decade.

The Scowcroft Report was the official signal that the "window of vulnerability" was out of fashion. Paul Nitze, for example, said last week that he has never used the term. (I cannot prove him wrong.) Nevertheless, Nitze was a founder of the Committee on the Present Danger and probably is more responsible than any other person for promoting the idea that our land-based missiles were becoming vulnerable, with perilous strategic and geopolitical consequences ("an increase in the prospects for general Soviet hegemony," was his warning in 1974). Have adequate steps been taken to avert the danger he predicted? No, he acknowledges. Does he see signs of the Soviet Union taking advantage of our strategic vulnerability? "It has a bearing on their policy." Example? Well, "They're very careful people."

Eugene Rostow was another early "window" buff and later Reagan's first arms control director. Rostow does not bend with fashion. He reads the Scowcroft Report as triumphantly affirming the "window" theory, which is his privilege. He forthrightly believes we have now entered a period where his prediction of 1979—that we would "be vulnerable to nuclear war or nuclear blackmail" and would "face a condition of diplomatic impotence and be totally unable to use our conventional forces"—has come true.

What Rostow and Nitze say is at least consistent, if implausible. Current members of the Reagan Administration cannot take the position that the "window" is now open, yet they cannot point to anything that's been done to shut it. That's why they prefer not to talk about it anymore. It has gone the way of the "missile gap" and other out-of-fashion weapons rationales. But hey! Enough of this wallowing in the past. Let's talk "bargaining chips."

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR has recently reviewed and recommends.

An American Procession by Alfred Kazin (Knopf). The brilliant culmination of a critic's lifelong look at American literature. (Reviewed 6/18/84)

The Making of America's Soviet Policy edited by Joseph S. Nye Jr. (Yale University Press). Clear-eyed analyses of, and prescriptions for, the rocky relations between the superpowers. (6/18/84)

The Sexuality of Christ in Renaissance Art and in Modern Oblivion by Leo Steinberg (Pantheon/October Book). An original study of a delicate subject. (6/11/84)

Notes From a Child of Paradise by Alfred Corn (Viking/Penguin). A long poem about love and hope in the 1960s. (6/11/84)

The Architecture of Death: The Transformation of the Cemetery in Eighteenth-Century Paris by Richard A. Etlin (M.I.T. Press). How the urban cemetery was created and quickly overcrowded. (5/28/84)

War in Val D'Orcia: An Italian War Diary 1943-44 by Iris Origo (David R. Godine). One woman's day-by-day record of life in an Italy torn by war. (6/4/84)

Children in Exile: Poems 1968-1984 by James Fenton (Random House). A British poet's evocations of Germany, Cambodia, and other nightmares. (5/14/84)

Three Novels: The Blackmailer; A Man of Power; The Great Occasion by Isabel Colegate (Viking). Portraits of self-made men, their personal pains and social mistakes. (5/28/84)

The Truth That Killed by Georgi Markov (Ticknor & Fields). Inside Bulgaria: a posthumous memoir by the émigré who was killed by an umbrella. (5/14/84)

Jinnah of Pakistan by Stanley Wolpert (Oxford University Press). A major biography of the subcontinent's lesser known hero. (5/7/84)

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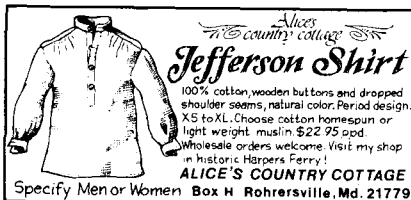


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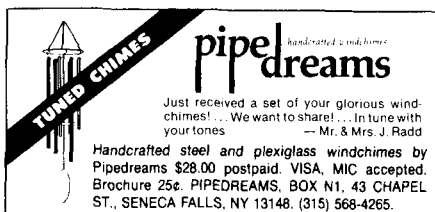
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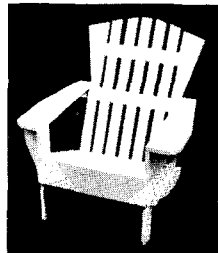
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WASHINGTON DIARIST

In the Bag

IF THERE'S anything conservatives can't abide, it's "activist judges," right? And if there's anything liberals stand for, it's an "independent judiciary," no? Actually, the issue of "judicial restraint" is almost guaranteed to bring out the hypocrite in people of all political stripes. It depends on who is trying to restrain what. Consider a Supreme Court decision at the end of May unanimously upholding a Hawaii land reform program designed to break up that state's large feudal holdings. This did not sit well with the conservative editors of *The Wall Street Journal*. They complained (LORDS OF THE MANOR) that "the court is trying to abdicate its responsibility to define what constitutes a legitimate public purpose." For the liberal *New York Times*, on the other hand, (EMINENT SENSE ON EMINENT DOMAIN), this case "provides a dramatic reminder that when democratic governments pursue rational policies in the name of the general welfare, they should be free of judicial interference." The *Journal* (only America's second-best newspaper, despite what you read in THE NEW REPUBLIC) worried that state and city governments "will have close to carte blanche"—an arrangement it usually delights in, compared to the dread prospect of interference from Washington. The *Times* (America's best newspaper) congratulated the Court for producing "A model of judicial restraint"—a rallying cry for which it usually has no patience. The new *Times* standard of judicial restraint is one even Phyllis Schlafly might find extreme, since it would basically put the Constitution out of business. When state governments misbehave, it's not because they're irrational. And no state has ever done anything without invoking "the name of the public interest."

THE DEMOCRATIC primary season ended on a fitting note of unreality, with Walter Mondale trying to exploit the preposterous fear of California Jews that Gary Hart was too close to Jesse Jackson. What gave them this idea was Hart's statement, in answer to a journalist's question, that he would "consider" Jackson as his Vice Presidential running mate. I have been writing about "gaffes" lately. Hart's statement is an

example of what happens if you try too hard to avoid a gaffe. Is there a political journalist alive who believes there is any chance Hart would choose Jesse Jackson as his running mate? So why ask the question? Because it's a good question, by current rules. It forces the candidate either to lie and say, yes, I would "consider" him, or to commit a gaffe by saying no, I won't even consider recognizing the electoral achievement of this man who is a hero to a large chunk of the party. Either way, there's something for journalists to write about. By choosing to lie, thus avoiding the "gaffe" trap, Hart fell into the equally perilous "consider" trap, whereby you are punished for "considering" something as if you had actually done it. Mondale escaped both traps by telling the more complex lie that he had not even considered whom he might consider. Imagine: even as journalists write articles about the very good reasons Mondale would have for preferring one person over another, no single thought on the matter has entered the candidate's own brain. And such is his mental discipline that none will be permitted to penetrate until after the nomination. This nonsense is what journalists want to hear. If politicians took to speaking frankly ("Look here, you know perfectly well Jesse Jackson is not going to be the Democratic candidate for Vice President"), there would be nothing for journalists to interpret. Their own role would be reduced to mere stenography.

WITHIN ABOUT two hours last week, the Civil Aeronautics Board voted to ban smoking on flights of less than two hours, and then changed its mind. Nevertheless, this seems to be an idea whose time has come. On "Agronsky and Company" the other night, all the graybeards were in favor of it. Though I don't smoke, I am always astonished at the intolerance that smoking brings out in otherwise freedom-loving people. For a chain-smoker, two hours without a cigarette is agony. Opposed to this is the minor irritation smoking causes to nonsmokers already semi-isolated in the front part of the cabin. (The notion that "atmospheric smoking" for the small fraction of anyone's life spent on airplanes can affect his or her health is

ludicrous.) I cannot believe so many people would weigh this balance and come out in favor of the nonsmokers if they didn't feel that the smokers deserve their agony. Well, perhaps they do, but it shouldn't be government policy to impose it on them.

REAL ESTATE NOTE. Susan Mary Alsop, a local hostess, reflects on the social transformation of Georgetown in the June *Vanity Fair*: "As a present Georgetown resident, I feel awfully shabby when I'm out with one of my black friends and she says to me—they generally say nothing, they're so wonderful about it—'This is my grandpappy's home,' looking at something somebody bought in 1935 for \$12,000 and now it would sell for a million." They *are* wonderful, aren't they?

HISTORY WILL bear me out, I think, when I predict that the major decision facing the American public in 1984 is not between Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale, but between paper and plastic grocery bags. Plastic bags, currently just 10 percent of the market but spreading fast, are not merely a different material but a totally new concept in grocery containment. They have just arrived at Safeways here in Washington, and policymakers are still uncertain about their full implications. On the one hand, plastic bags are smaller, and won't stand upright in the trunk of your car. On the other hand, they have built-in handles so you can carry several at a time. Pieces of paper bags can be used for telephone messages. By contrast, plastic bags make better wastebasket liners. It's a difficult choice. Change is always disconcerting, but I'm definitely in the plastic bag camp. In New York, where I had the misfortune to reside for two years recently, plastic grocery bags are well established. They were among the few consolations of living in that city. Now that distinction is gone. And a friend tells me you can get America's best newspaper (national edition) home delivered these days in Austin, Texas, at 10:30 the previous evening. So there's no longer any reason at all to live in New York.

M.E.K.